

JACK ARMSTRONG

10 STORIES
STARRING

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

November 1941



JACK ARMSTRONG solves the
**ARCTIC
MYSTERY**



WEB COMIC
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1st
ISSUE

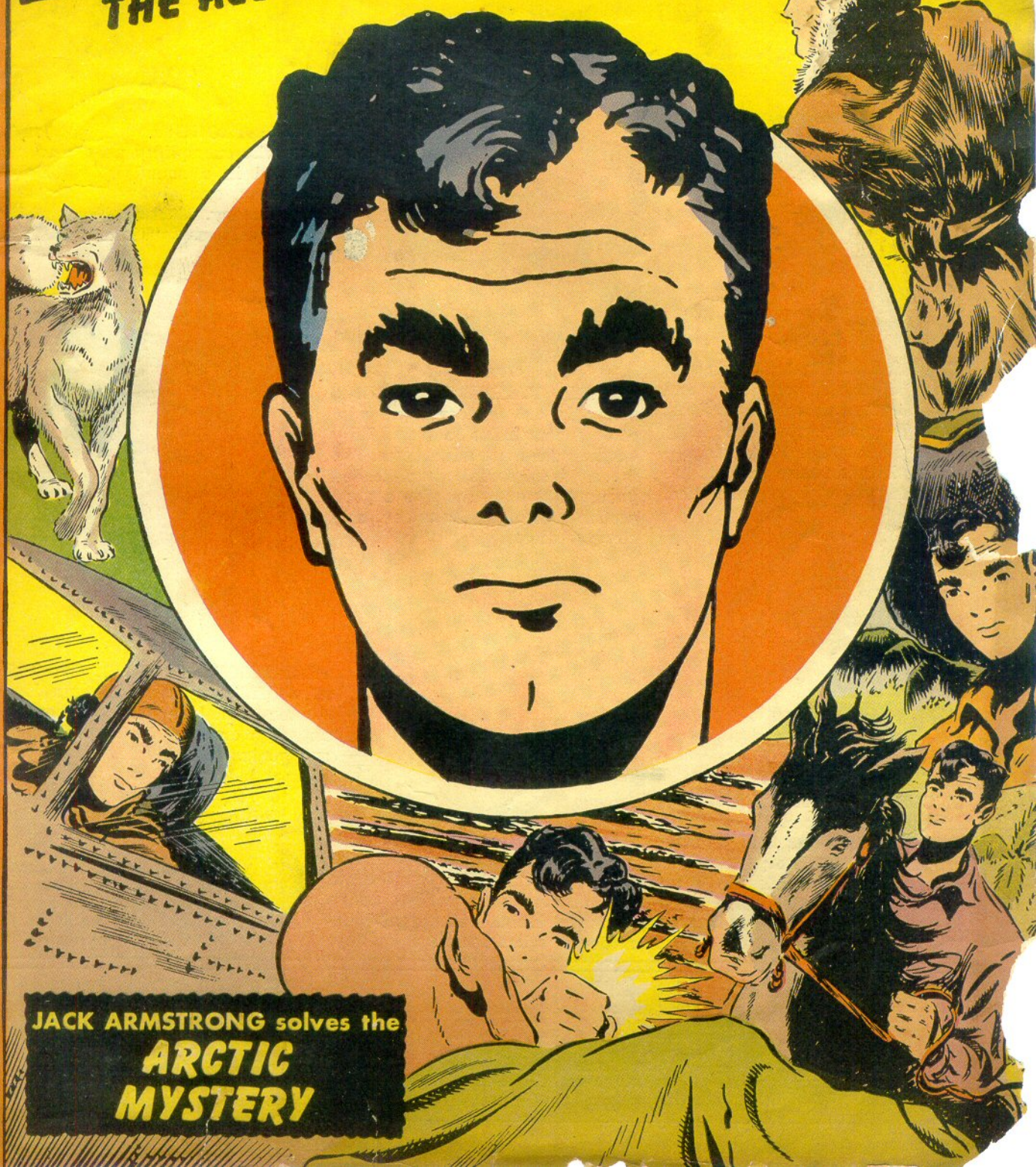
ALL NEW!
COMICS AND STORIES
STARRING

JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

November 10th
☆

JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE MAGAZINE



JACK ARMSTRONG solves the
**ARCTIC
MYSTERY**

MEET

JACK ARMSTRONG AND HIS FRIENDS

JACK ARMSTRONG'S ALL-AMERICAN MOTTO:
*To keep myself straight and strong and clean—
in mind as well as in body!*



JACK ARMSTRONG: A clean-cut American boy who exemplifies the motto, "A sound mind in a sound body." He is athletic, alert, and always on the side of the underdog. Meeting him for the first time you'd say, "There's a regular fellow!"



BILLY FAIRFIELD: Jack's best pal, an all-around good fellow and almost as fine an athlete as Jack. When the going gets tough, Billy is always good for a wisecrack—in fact, Billy's sunny smile is the first thing about him you notice.



BETTY FAIRFIELD: Billy's sister is an outdoors girl who often accompanies Jack and Billy on their far-flung adventures. She is a wholesome, level-headed young lady who can give a good account of herself under any circumstances.

—AND HIS ARCH-ENEMY



PROFESSOR PROTEUS: The Man of a Million Faces! Proteus is a master of makeup who can assume any face or form he chooses. This evil genius sells his services to the highest bidder . . . and in attempting to foil him, Jack is plunged into exciting, dangerous adventures!



UNCLE JIM FAIRFIELD: Ex-Army colonel who has circled the globe several times and is well-versed in the history and languages of many lands. He is an expert aviator and owns a large airplane plant in the town of Hudson.



VIC HARDY: Expert in scientific crime detection. His anti-crime lab contains ultra-modern equipment which rivals that of an international crime-detection agency.

You've thrilled to the All-American Boy on the air and in the movies. NOW you can enjoy his exciting adventures in the new **JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE** magazine.

JACK ARMSTRONG

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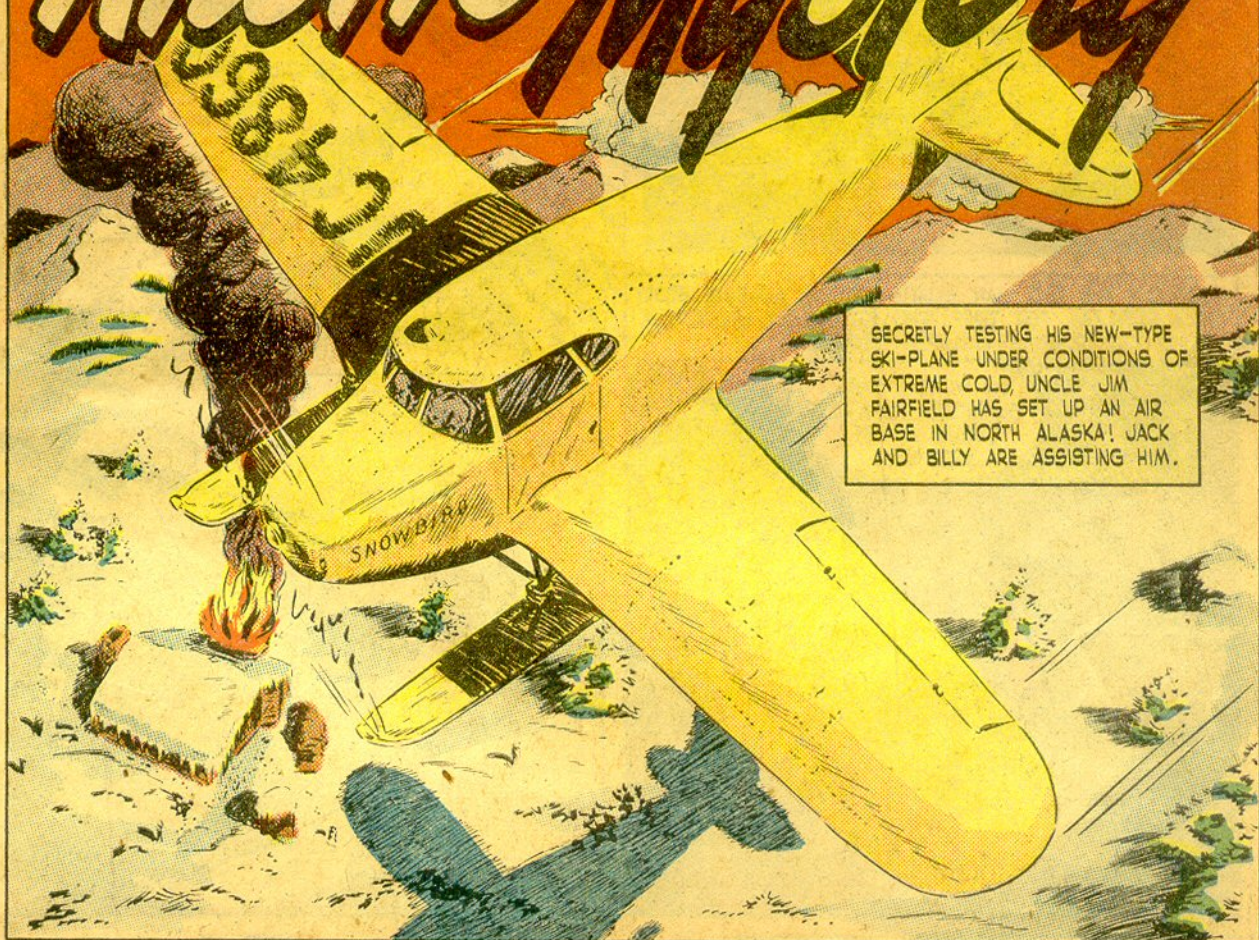
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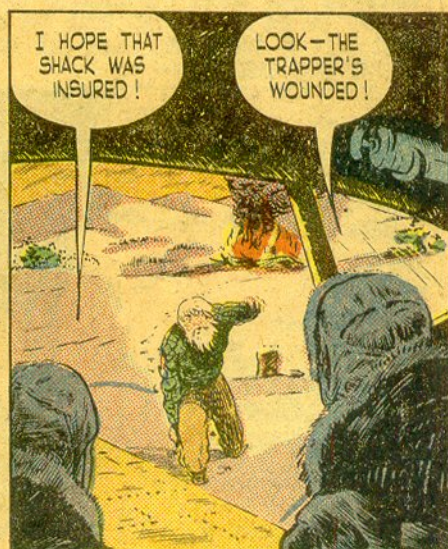
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JACK ARMSTRONG *Solves the*

ARCTIC MYSTERY



SECRETLY TESTING HIS NEW-TYPE SKI-PLANE UNDER CONDITIONS OF EXTREME COLD UNCLE JIM FAIRFIELD HAS SET UP AN AIR BASE IN NORTH ALASKA! JACK AND BILLY ARE ASSISTING HIM.

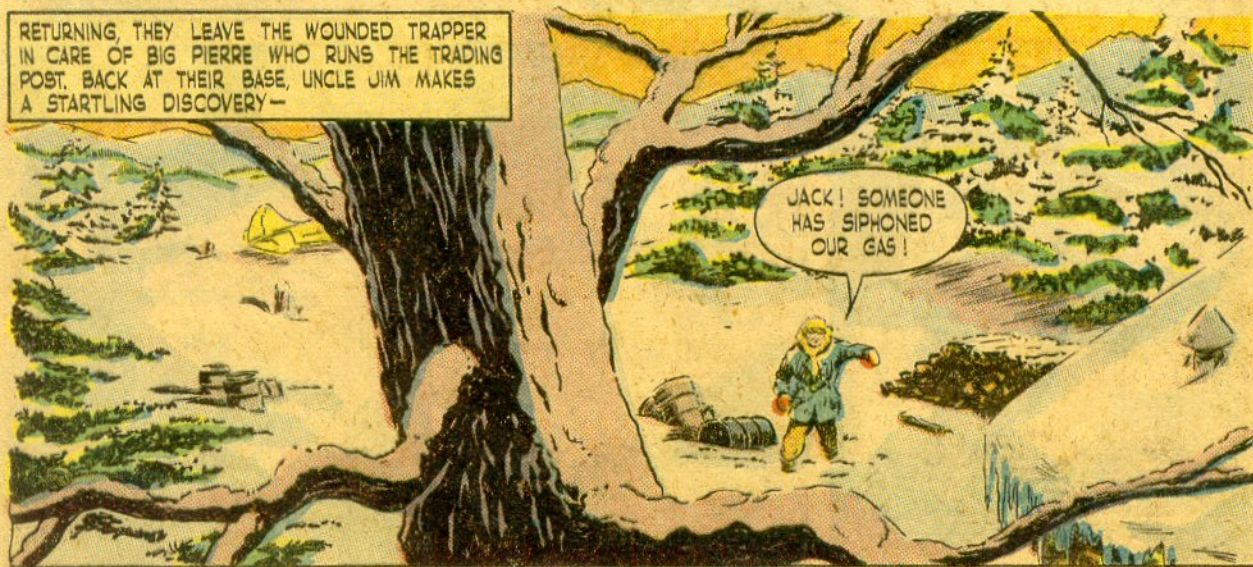




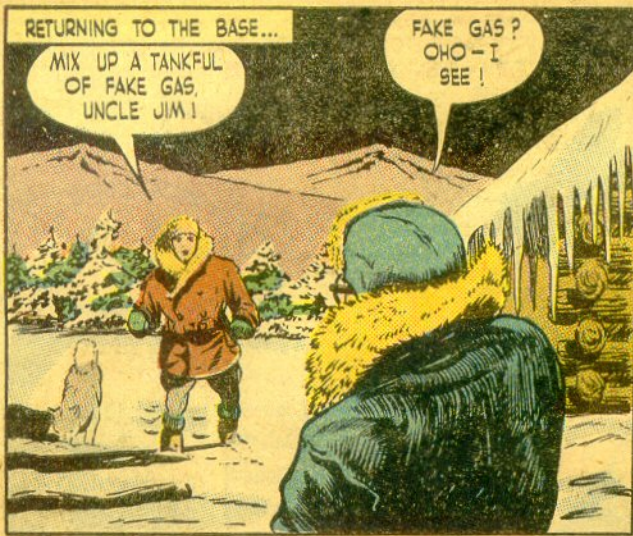
EXCITEDLY, THE OLD MAN BLURTS OUT AN AMAZING STORY OF A RUTHLESS FUR THIEF WHO STRIKES BY HELICOPTER, KILLING AND ROBBING ISOLATED TRAPPERS!



RETURNING, THEY LEAVE THE WOUNDED TRAPPER IN CARE OF BIG PIERRE WHO RUNS THE TRADING POST. BACK AT THEIR BASE, UNCLE JIM MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY—







RETURNING TO THE BASE...

MIX UP A TANKFUL
OF FAKE GAS,
UNCLE JIM!

FAKE GAS?
OHO—I
SEE!



WELL, OUR THIEVING
FRIEND WON'T FLY
FAR ON THAT
MIXTURE!

HE'LL SIPHON
IT NEXT TIME
WE LEAVE THE
BASE—



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL TEST
FLIGHT IN THE "SNOWBIRD"...

EMPTY! HE DRAINED
EVERY DROP!

DROP IS RIGHT!
WAIT'LL HE TRIES
TO FLY ON THAT
STUFF!



HIS PLAN WORKING, JACK SETS OUT FOR LAMOND'S
CABIN WITH MAJOR, HIS TRAINED HUSKY...

IT'S A LONG
TREK, JACK—

YEP AND A GOOD
ONE—IF YOU CAN
DO IT!



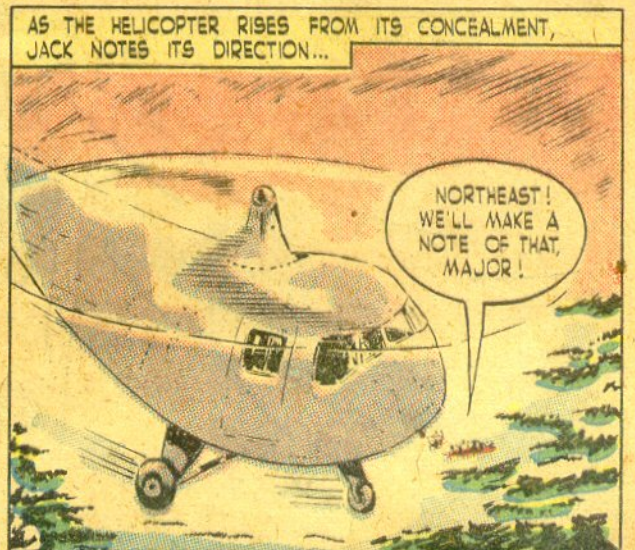
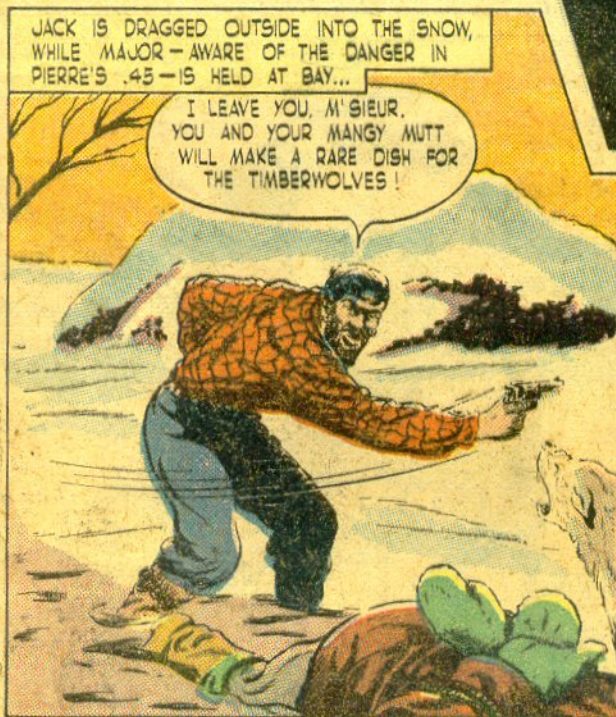
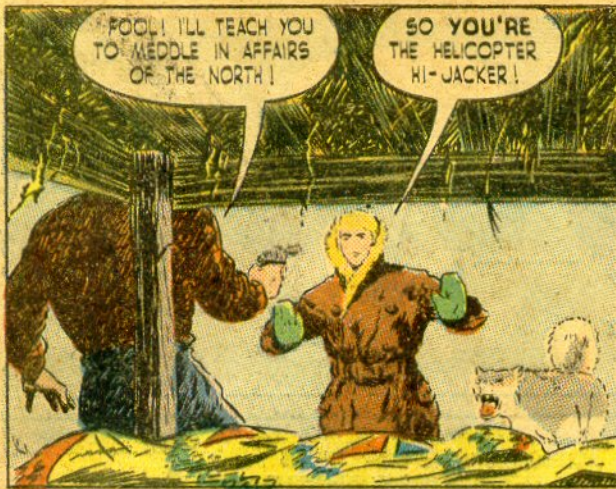
CAUTIOUSLY TREKKING THEIR WAY THROUGH TIMBERWOLF
TERRITORY, JACK AND MAJOR FINALLY SIGHT THE
TRAPPER'S CABIN...



BUT AS THEY APPROACH, THE CABIN DOOR
FLINGS SUDDENLY OPEN AND—

WALK INTO MY
PARLOR, FLY
BOY!

PIERRE!

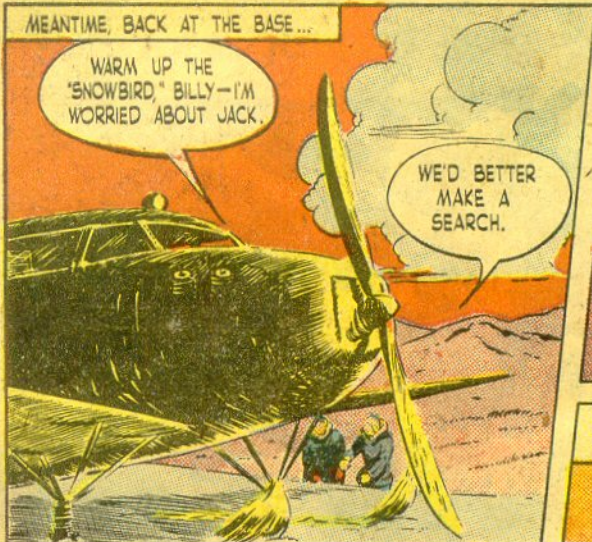


AS THE HELICOPTER RISES FROM ITS CONCEALMENT, JACK NOTES ITS DIRECTION...

MEANTIME, BACK AT THE BASE...

WARM UP THE
'SNOWBIRD,' BILLY—I'M
WORRIED ABOUT JACK.

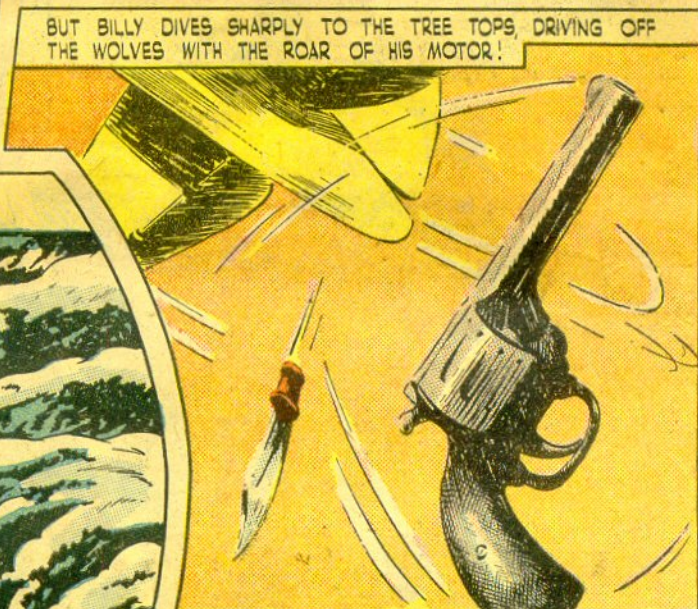
WE'D BETTER
MAKE A
SEARCH.



LAMOND'S CABIN
IS SOMEWHERE IN
THIS—THERE IT IS!



BUT BILLY DIVES SHARPLY TO THE TREE TOPS, DRIVING OFF
THE WOLVES WITH THE ROAR OF HIS MOTOR!



UNABLE TO LAND IN THE DENSE WOODS,
BILLY DROPS A PISTOL AND HUNTING KNIFE
WHICH MAJOR RETRIEVES.

BELOW, BRAVE MAJOR GUARDS THE HELPLESS JACK
AS TIMBERWOLVES CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL—



LET'S GO, MAJOR.
PIERRE DIDN'T FLY
VERY FAR ON THAT
DOCTORED OCTANE!



CUTTING HIMSELF FREE, JACK SIGNALS HE IS
ALL RIGHT. THE PLANE HEADS BACK.



FIVE MILES NORTHEAST OF THE CABIN, THEY COME UPON THE DOWNED HELICOPTER.

NOT A SOUND, BOY... WE'LL SURPRISE OUR BIG FRIEND-



QUICKLY, JACK DISARMS THE ASTONISHED KILLER. THEN THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY THROWS DOWN HIS OWN GUN!

NOW PUT UP YOUR FISTS, MR. HI-JACKER-WE'LL FINISH THIS YANKEE-FASHION!



PUT 'EM UP, PIERRE!

WHAT--?



BUT AS THE COWARDLY KILLER REACHES FOR HIS KNIFE -



MAJOR SPRINGS... KNOCKS THE WICKED LOOKING WEAPON TO THE SNOW!

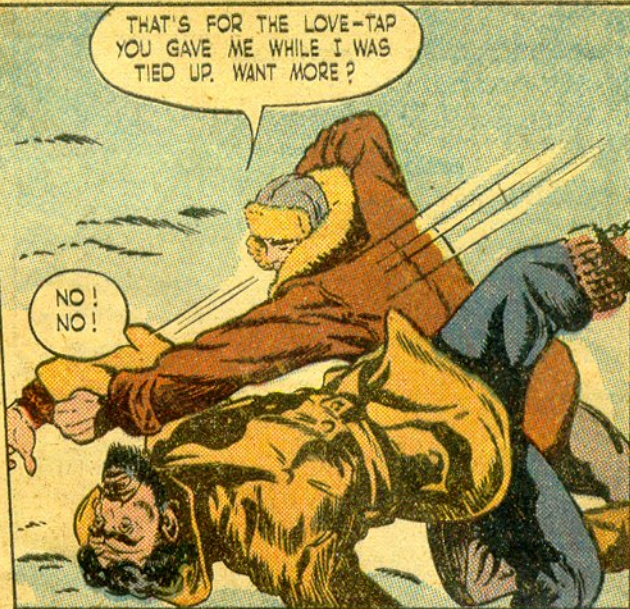


JACK STEPS IN QUICKLY AND...



THAT'S FOR THE LOVE-TAP
YOU GAVE ME WHILE I WAS
TIED UP. WANT MORE?

NO!
NO!



AND HERE'S A TIP.
DON'T TRY TO FLY A
HELICOPTER ON
REFINED SUGAR!

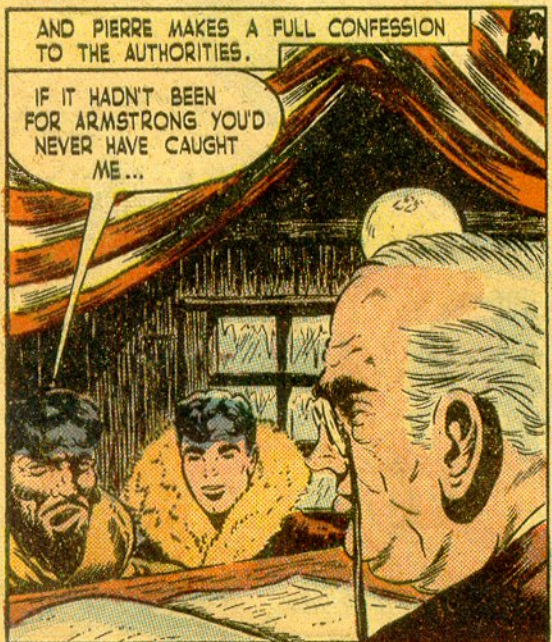


JACK BRINGS HIS PRISONER BACK TO THE TRADING POST -



AND PIERRE MAKES A FULL CONFESSION
TO THE AUTHORITIES.

IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR ARMSTRONG YOU'D
NEVER HAVE CAUGHT
ME...



LATER...

WELL, BOYS, NOW
THAT PIERRE'S LOCKED
UP AND THE "SNOWBIRD'S"
A SUCCESS -

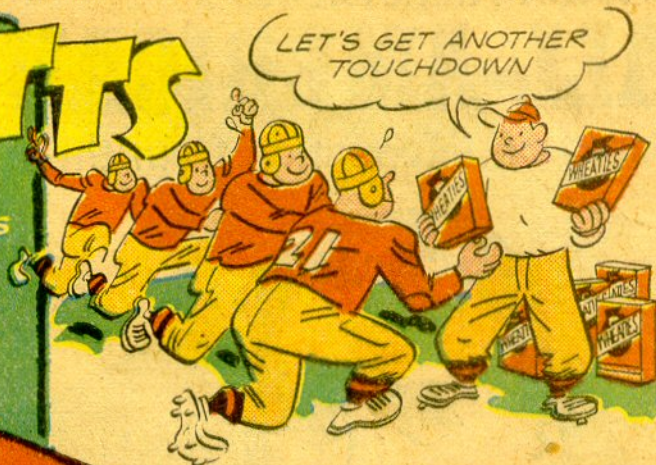
LET'S PULL THE
ICICLES OUT OF
OUR PARKAS -

AND HEAD
BACK FOR THE
GOOD OLD
U.S.A.

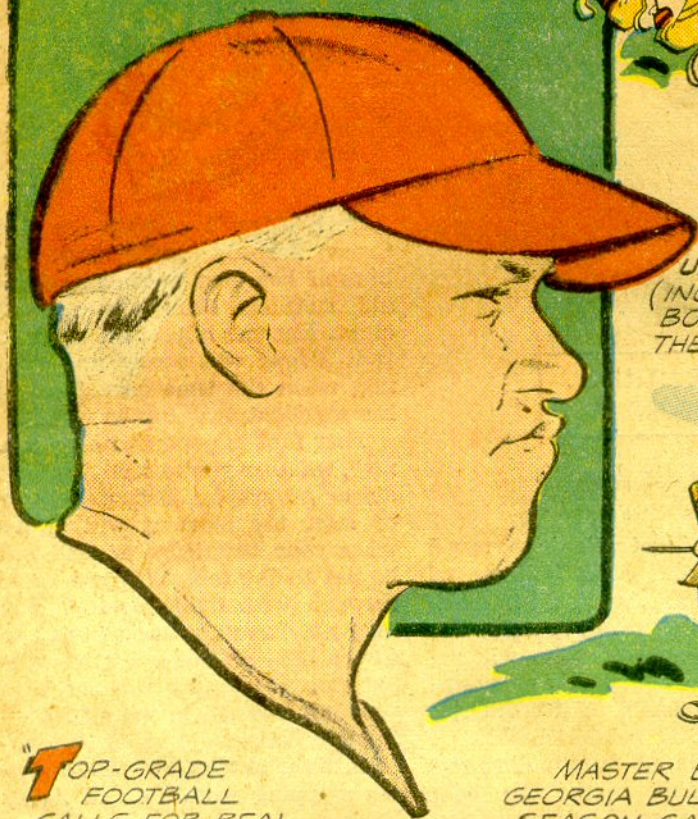


Wally BUTTS

CHAMPION COACH OF THE
CHAMPION GEORGIA BULLDOGS



ONLY MAJOR COLLEGE
TEAM TO REMAIN **UNBEATEN AND
UNTIED** DURING THE 1946 SEASON
(INCLUDING BOWL GAME)--THE BUTTS
BOYS WERE 10 POINTS BETTER THAN
THEIR TOUGHEST OPPONENTS



TOP-GRADE
FOOTBALL
CALLS FOR REAL
TRAINING--AND GOOD
EATING," SAYS WALLY
BUTTS. "I LIKE TO SEE MY
BOYS EATING LOTS OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.'
THERE AREN'T MANY
DISHS THAT CAN TOP
WHEATIES--FOR
NOURISHMENT
--OR FLAVOR"

MASTER BUTTS, AND THE
GEORGIA BULLDOGS, HAVE PLAYED 4 POST-
SEASON GAMES--FASTENED ON TO 4 BOWL
CHAMPIONSHIPS. THEY MADE A CLEAN SWEEP
OF THE ORANGE BOWL (1942), ROSE BOWL (1943), OIL
BOWL (1946) AND SUGAR BOWL (1947)



WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS"

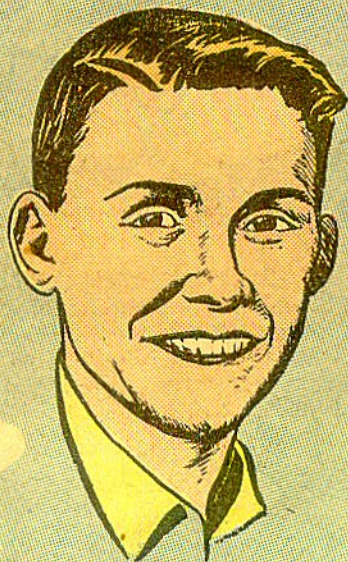
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"
are registered trade marks of
General Mills, Inc.



JACK ARMSTRONG'S ALL-AMERICAN AWARD

Based on information from the American Red Cross



EDGAR LITTLE, JR.
HANDSBORO, MISS.



Both Edgar's parents are Red Cross first-aid instructors. He himself has been trained in first-aid methods since the age of eight. But the important thing is that Edgar was ready and willing, when the time came, to put his excellent training to use.

That fact is good to remember, now, whether you're studying first aid or geography. Because sooner or later the moment will arrive when your knowledge or skill will be put to the test. Will you come through with flying colors? You may not have the opportunity to save a life—as Edgar Little did—but you can enjoy the thrill of "coming through in the clutch"—the way Edgar did when he looked into the sky one day and heard the skipping motors of an Army bomber...

CITED by the U. S. Army and the American Red Cross for meritorious service in his thrilling rescue and first-aid care of five survivors of a bomber crash, 16-year-old Edgar Little, Jr., of Handsboro, Mississippi, becomes first winner of the monthly JACK ARMSTRONG ALL-AMERICAN AWARD.

Edgar will receive a handsome

medal (see illustration) engraved with his name and the date of his deed of heroism. And in addition, he will be asked to designate a shut-in youngster who will receive a free one year's subscription to the JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE MAGAZINE!

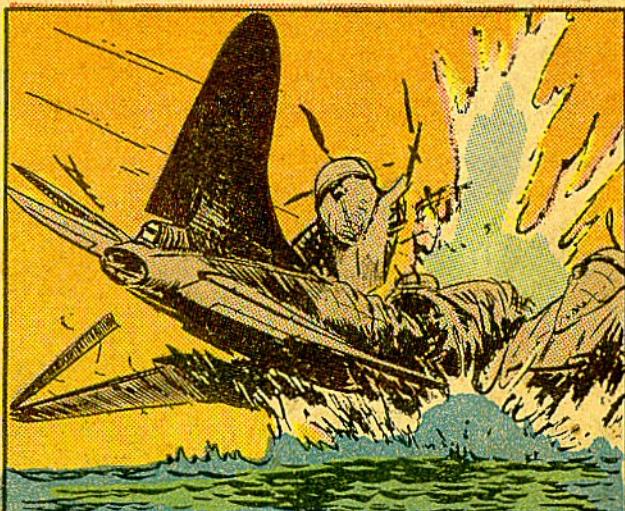
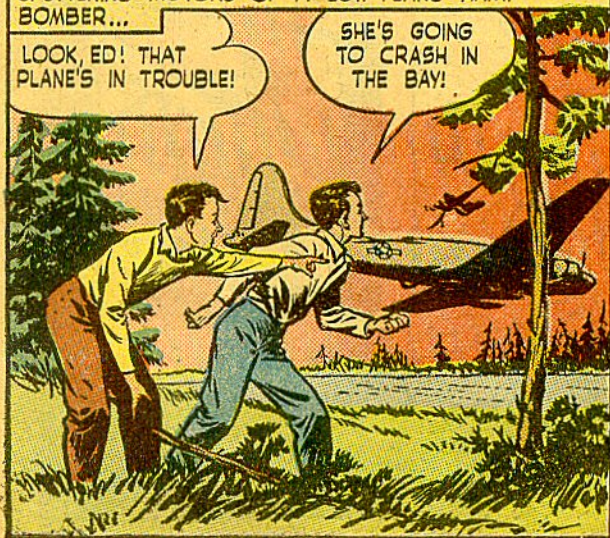
EDGAR is an outstanding example of this truth: To help others, you must first know *how*.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED-

EDGAR AND HIS PAL, FRANK THOMPSON, HEARD THE SPUTTERING MOTORS OF A LOW-FLYING ARMY BOMBER...

LOOK, ED! THAT PLANE'S IN TROUBLE!

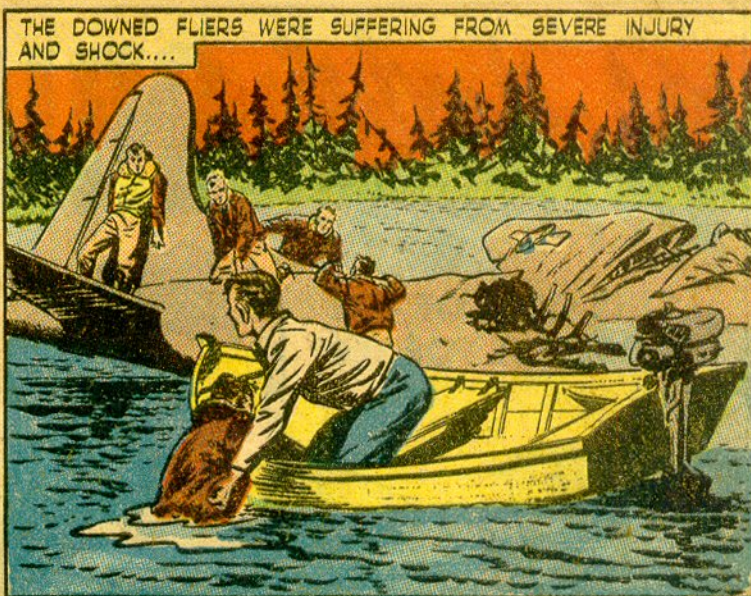
SHE'S GOING TO CRASH IN THE BAY!



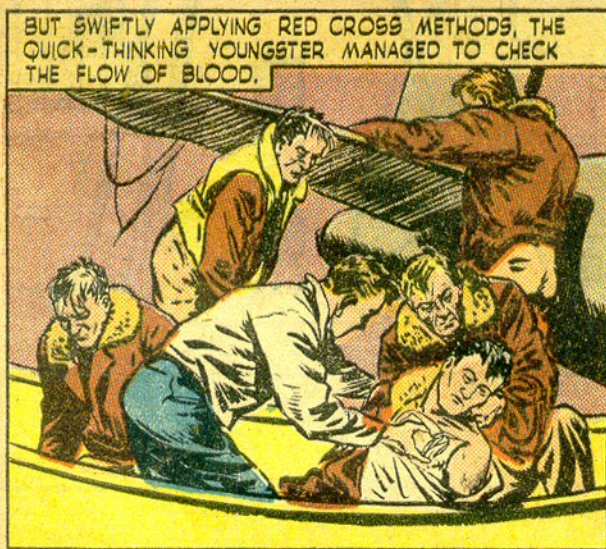
THE BOMBER WAS RIPPED APART BY THE FORCE OF THE CRASH. SIX OF THE ELEVEN-MAN CREW WERE KILLED INSTANTLY.



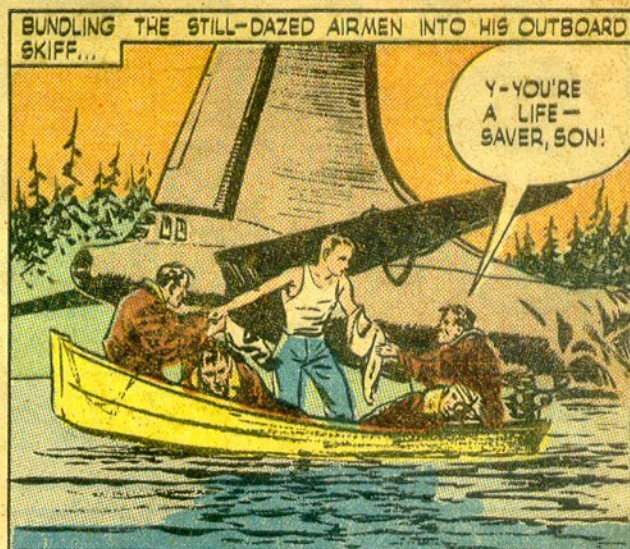
PHONE FOR
HELP, FRANK —
I'M GOING
AFTER SURVIVORS!



THE DOWNED FLIERS WERE SUFFERING FROM SEVERE INJURY
AND SHOCK....



BUT SWIFTLY APPLYING RED CROSS METHODS, THE
QUICK-THINKING YOUNGSTER MANAGED TO CHECK
THE FLOW OF BLOOD.



BUNDLING THE STILL-DAZED AIRMEN INTO HIS OUTBOARD
SKIFF...

Y-YOU'RE
A LIFE —
SAVER, SON!



...EDGAR RUSHED THEM TO A NEARBY
HOUSE.

KEEP WRAPPED IN
THOSE BLANKETS. I'LL
HAVE COFFEE READY
IN A MINUTE.



WHEN FRANK ARRIVED WITH THE DOCTOR,
THE INJURED FLIERS WERE RESTING
COMFORTABLY.

YOU DID A
FINE JOB,
MY BOY!

THANK YOU,
DOCTOR.

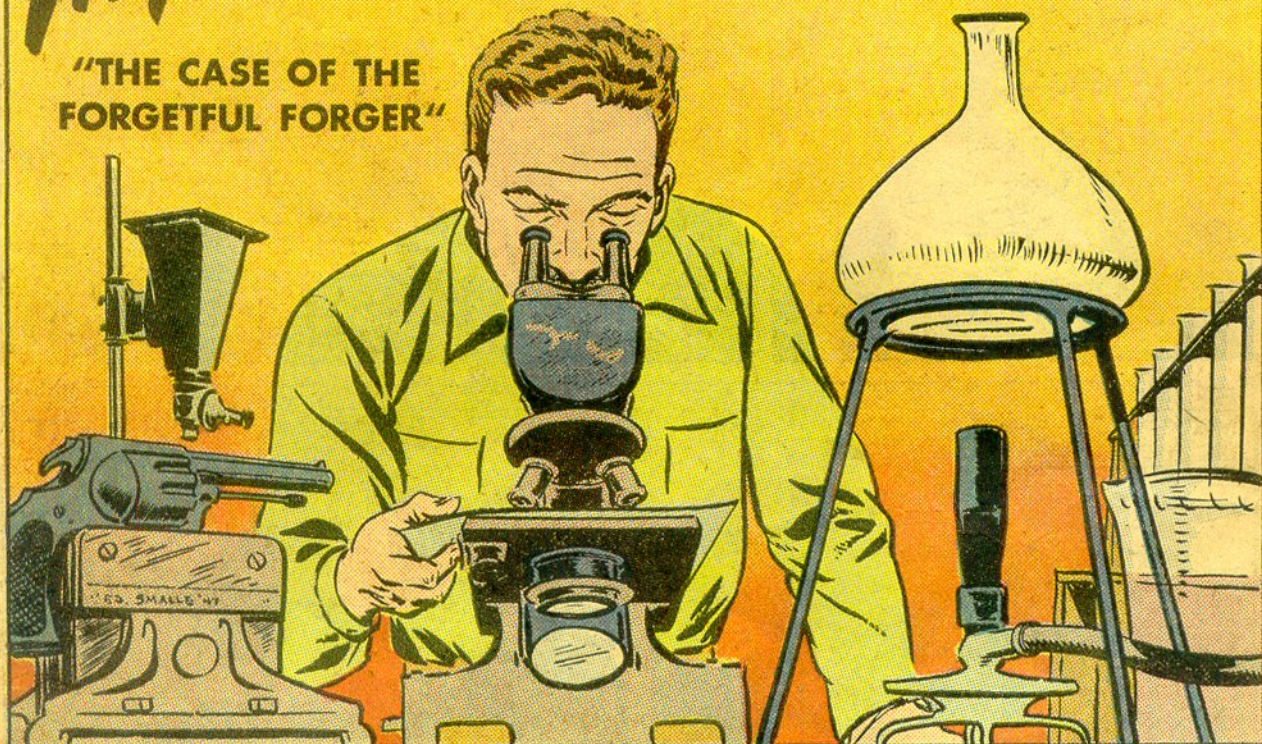
CITED BY
THE U.S.
ARMY AND
THE RED
CROSS FOR
MERITORIOUS
SERVICE,
EDGAR
LITTLE, JR.,
BECAMES
THE FIRST
WINNER OF
THE JACK
ARMSTRONG
ALL-AMERICAN
AWARD.



Vic Hardy's

CRIME LAB

"THE CASE OF THE
FORGETFUL FORGER"



"TO CATCH A CRIMINAL," SAYS VIC HARDY, "YOU MUST KNOW MORE THAN THE CRIMINAL." AND AIDED BY EVERY INSTRUMENT KNOWN TO MODERN SCIENCE, VIC WAGES RELENTLESS, ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST CRIME. HIS LATEST CASE BEGAN WHEN A MAN WALKED INTO A CITY BANK AND SAID...

"I'D LIKE TO BORROW
\$9000 ON THIS U.S.
TREASURY BOND,
MR. KIRBY.

"I'LL CHECK ON
THE BOND
AND YOUR
REFERENCES,
MR. ALLYN. CALL
BACK TOMORROW.



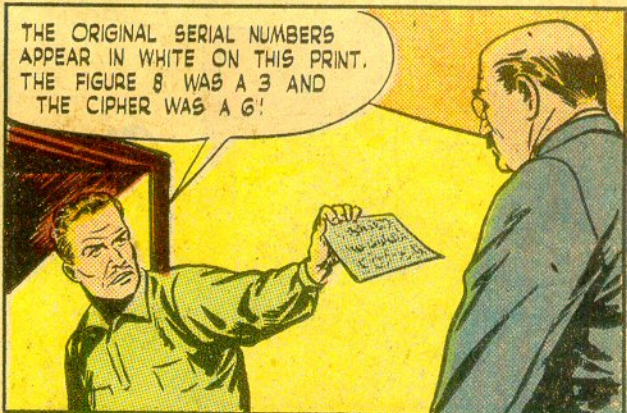
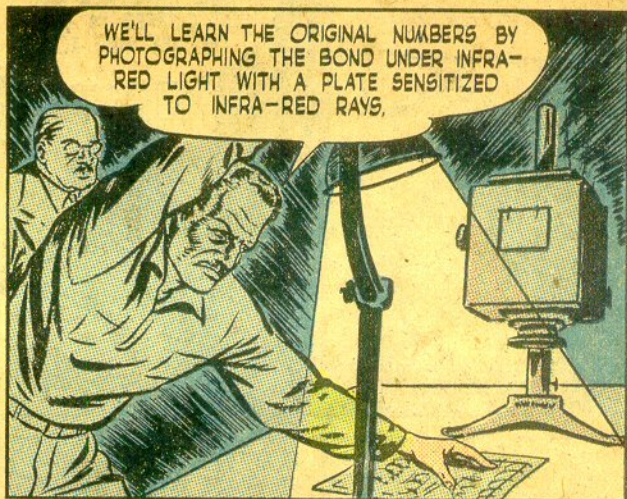
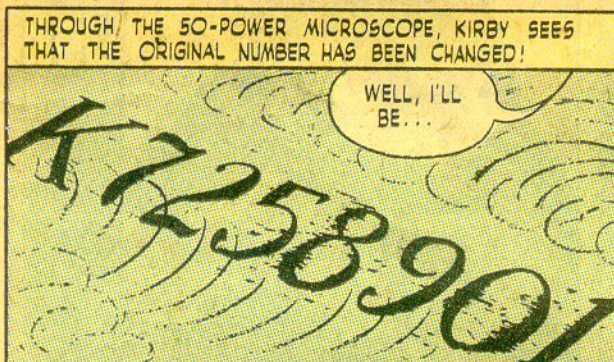
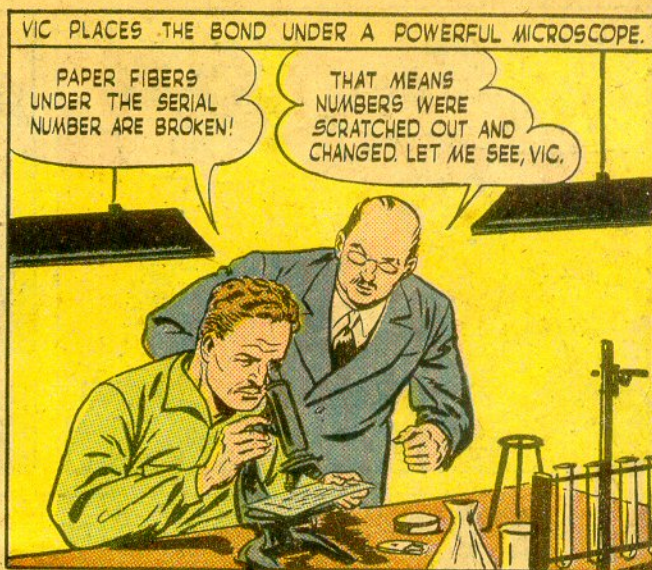
"ALLYN OPENED A
SMALL ACCOUNT
WITH US TWO
MONTHS AGO.

"THE BOND'S
SERIAL NUMBER
IS NOT ON THIS
LIST OF STOLEN
CERTIFICATES.



"IT LOOKS GENUINE BUT—
HELLO, VIC? I WANT
YOU TO EXAMINE A
\$10,000 BOND. I'LL
BE RIGHT OVER.





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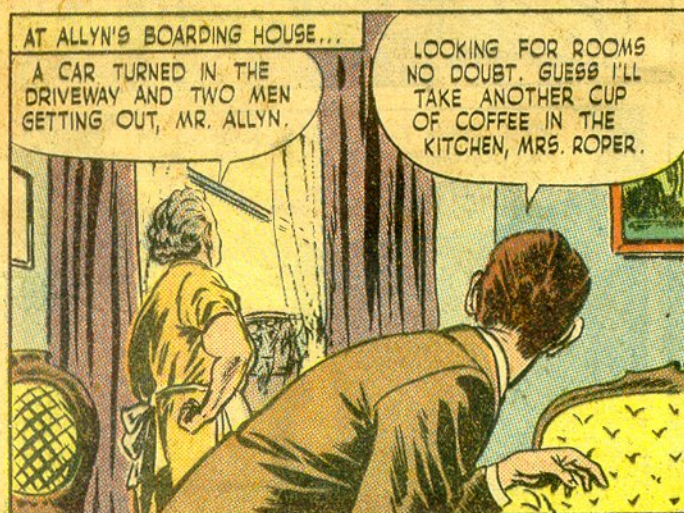
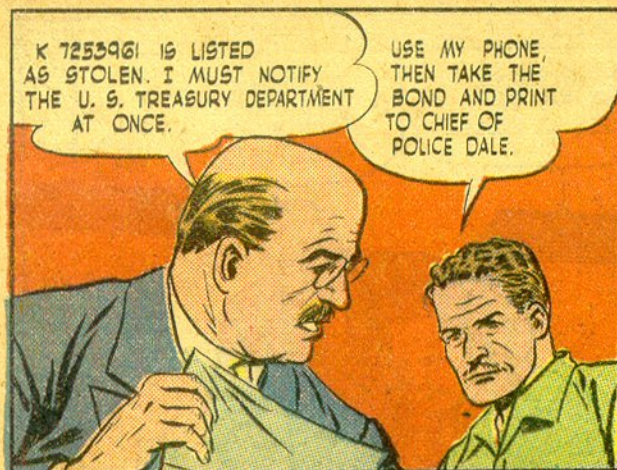
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HELLO, VIC? STEVE SHELDON. ALLYN STUFFED GOVERNMENT BONDS IN THE STOVE BUT WE RECOVERED THE CHARRED PAPER.

GOOD WORK, INSPECTOR. FAN THE ASHES INTO A GLASS BOWL AND BRING THEM TO MY LAB.

THE PAPER IS CHARRED TO A CRISP. YOU'RE A WIZARD IF YOU GET ANYTHING FROM IT.

MR. ALLYN FORGOT THE POWERS OF SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION. WATCH...

AFTER FANNING THE ASHES ONTO A GLASS PLATE, I SPRAY THEM WITH FIXATIVE SO THEY WON'T BECOME BRITTLE.



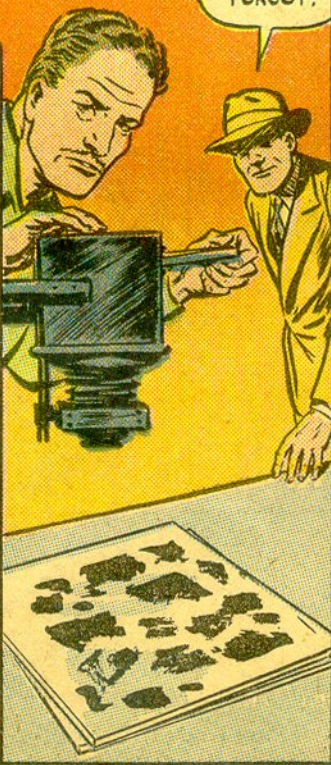
NOW I'LL DEVELOP THIS PLATE AND PRINT THE PICTURE ON COMPRESSION PAPER.

I'LL SAY ALLYN FORGOT!

THERE! THE PIECES LOOK LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE, BUT THE PRINTING AND SERIAL NUMBERS OF THE BONDS ARE CLEARLY SHOWN.

THAT'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT ALLYN! NICE WORK, VIC!

NOW I FLATTEN THE ASHES BY PLACING ANOTHER GLASS PLATE OVER THEM. NEXT I'LL TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH ON AN ORTHOCHROMATIC PLATE.



NEXT ISSUE, VIC HARDY BRINGS A PAIR OF SAFE-CRACKERS TO JUSTICE IN "THE CASE OF THE CHEWED BUBBLE GUM"!

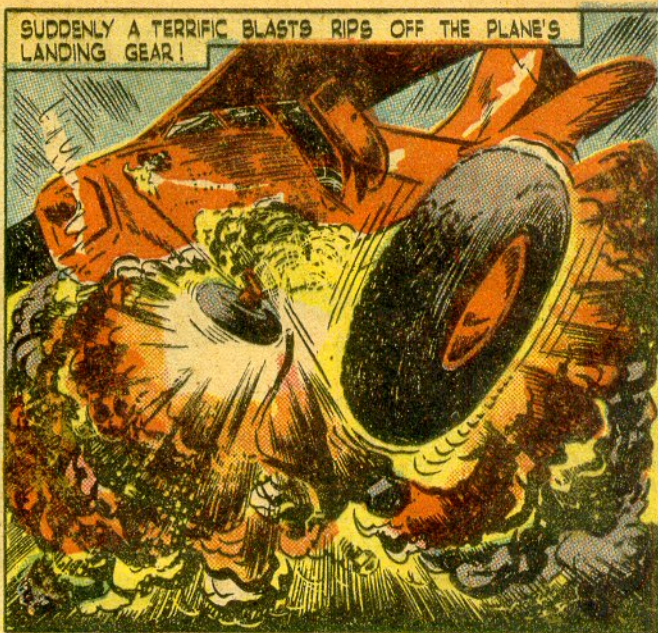
JACK ARMSTRONG VS. THE MAN OF A MILLION FACES

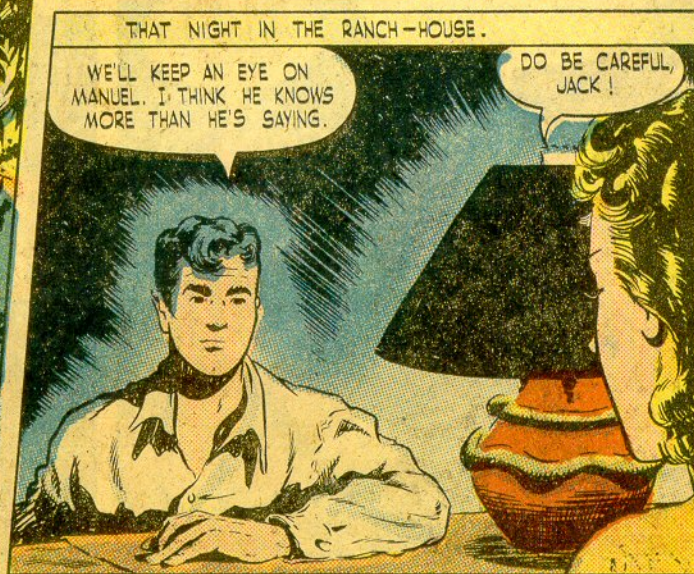
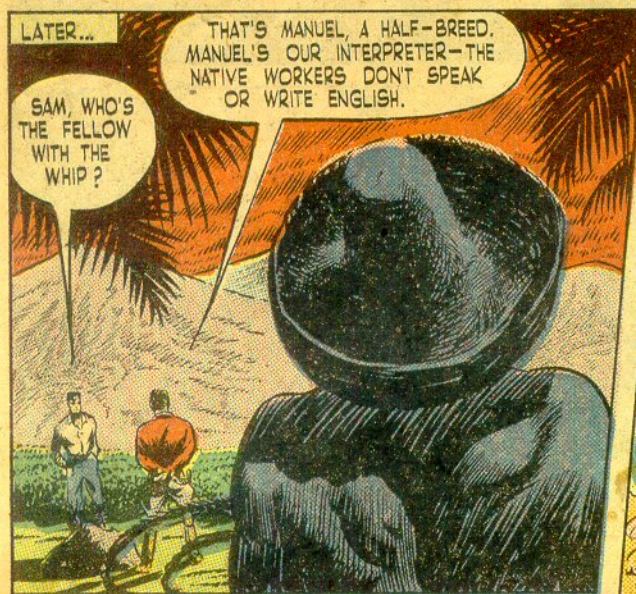
LOOK! WE'RE
OVER PANAMA!

RIGHT, BILLY!
THAT'S THE
CANAL.

MEAN-LOOKING
JUNGLE, BELOW! GLAD
WE'VE GOT ONLY
FIVE MINUTES MORE
FLYING TIME!

JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY, FACES THE MOST DANGEROUS FOE OF HIS ADVENTURE-PACKED CAREER! SECRET AGENTS, PLOTTING CONTROL OF CENTRAL AMERICA'S RICH, VITAL HEMP INDUSTRY, GRIP JONATHAN STONE'S PLANTATION IN A REIGN OF SABOTAGE AND TERROR! IN RESPONSE TO STONE'S URGENT S.O.S. JACK FLIES TO PANAMA WITH BETTY, BILLY AND UNCLE JIM FAIRFIELD...





NEXT DAY, WHILE BETTY, BILLY AND UNCLE JIM INSPECT THE PLANTATION...



BUT THEY COULD EASILY RUIN THE CROP! ARE THEY BEING WATCHED?

SI! SENOR SMITHERS HIMSELF GO FOR RIDES ALL OVER PLANTATION—WATCH MEN WORK.



HOWDY, JACK. ANY CLUES?

'FRAID NOT, SAM. THIS THING GETS MORE PUZZLING EVERY MINUTE.



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. GOT TO MAKE MY MORNING INSPECTION. JUST FOUND MORE RUINED HEMP IN THE EAST FIELD!



MANUEL, YOU MUST REPORT EVERY SUSPICIOUS THING YOU SEE OR HEAR—

SENOR... THERE IS SOMETHING I MUS' TELL YOU...



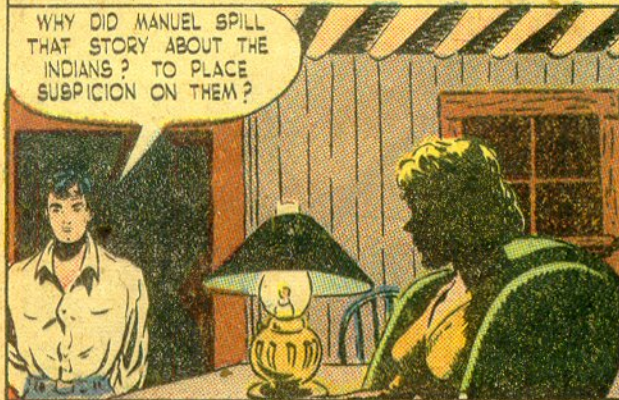
SOMEONE GIVE MUCH RUM TO BAD INDIANS IN MOUNTAINS. EVERY NIGHT INDIANS GET DRUNK—MAKE WAR DANCES!

WAR DANCES!



THAT NIGHT, BETTY AND JACK TALK THINGS OVER...

WHY DID MANUEL SPILL
THAT STORY ABOUT THE
INDIANS? TO PLACE
SUSPICION ON THEM?



OUTSIDE, BETTY COMES UPON A FAMILIAR, SHADOWY FIGURE...

MANUEL! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

J-JUS' TALKING
A STROLL,
SENORITA—



BUT EARLY NEXT MORNING JACK IS STARTLED BY
BILLY'S CRY—

JACK! BETTY'S
GONE—DISAPPEARED!

COME ALONG,
BILLY—WE'VE GOT
A SOCIAL CALL
TO MAKE!

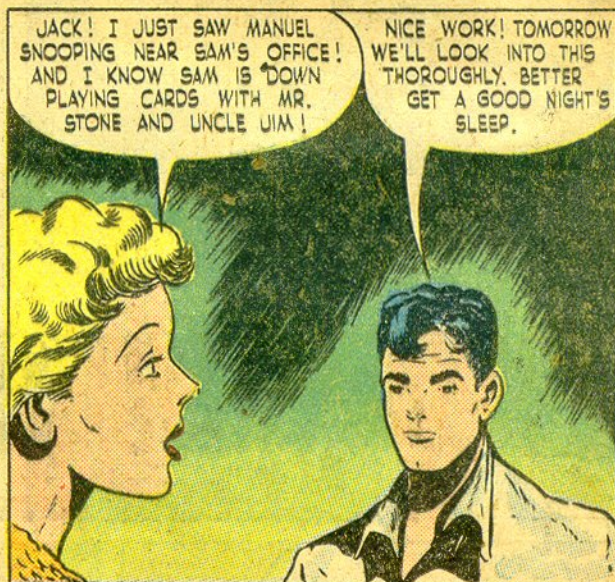


TOO DEEP FOR ME!
I'M GOING OUT FOR A
PEAK AT THAT BIG
YELLOW MOON!



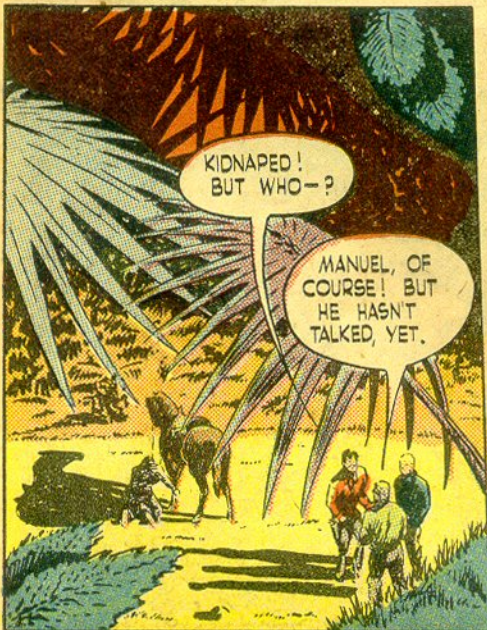
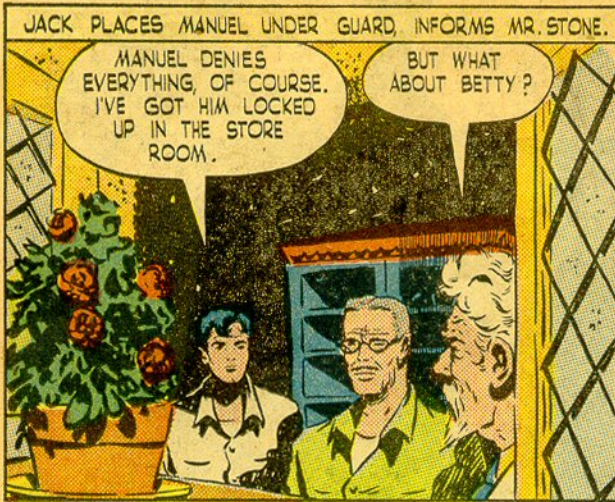
JACK! I JUST SAW MANUEL
SNOOPING NEAR SAM'S OFFICE!
AND I KNOW SAM IS DOWN
PLAYING CARDS WITH MR.
STONE AND UNCLE UIM!

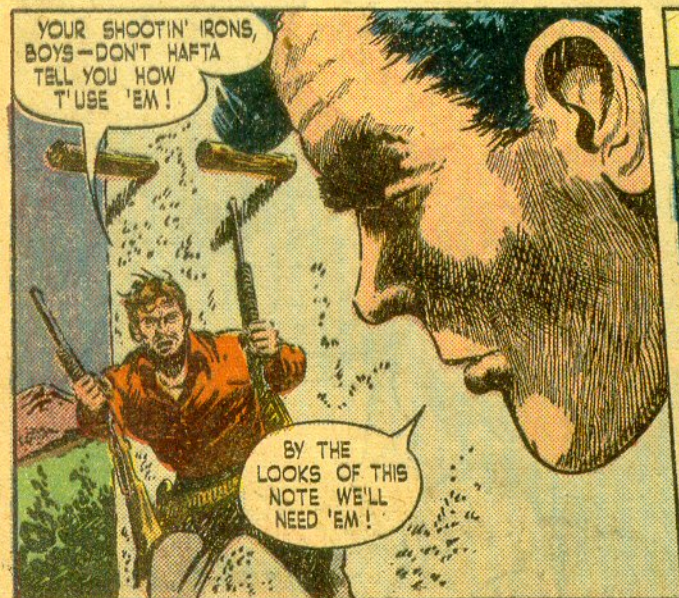
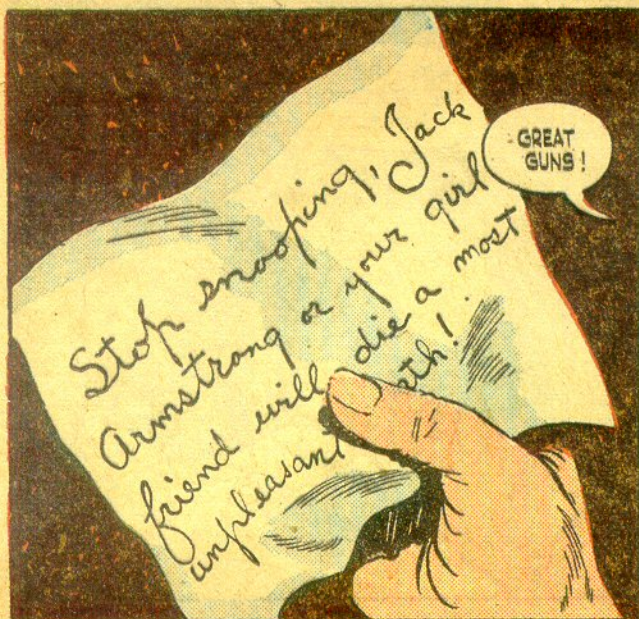
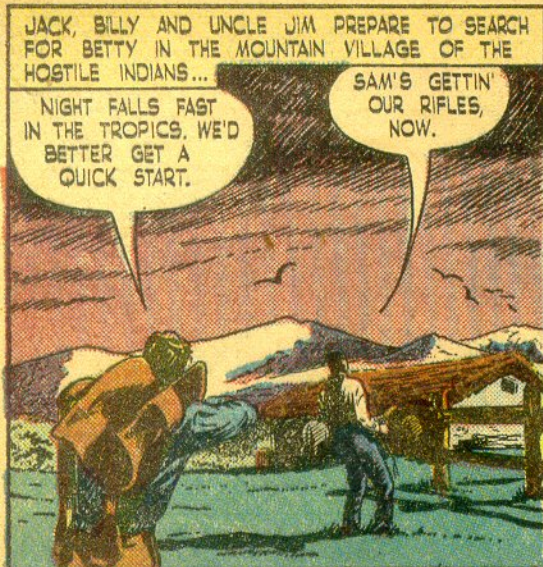
NICE WORK! TOMORROW
WE'LL LOOK INTO THIS
THOROUGHLY. BETTER
GET A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP.

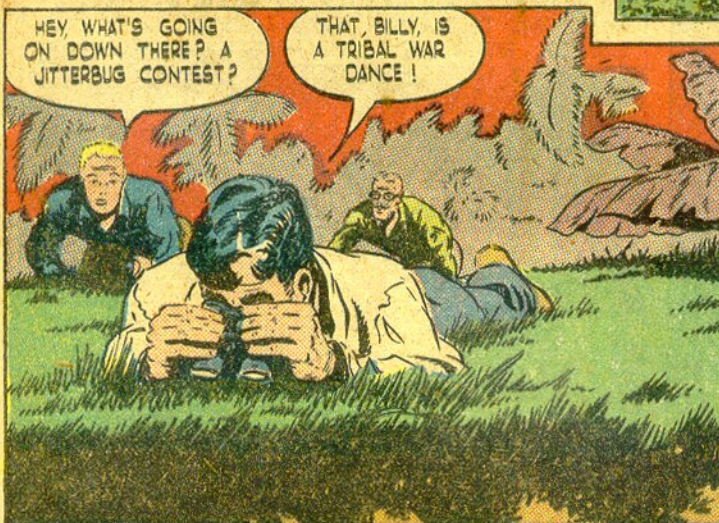
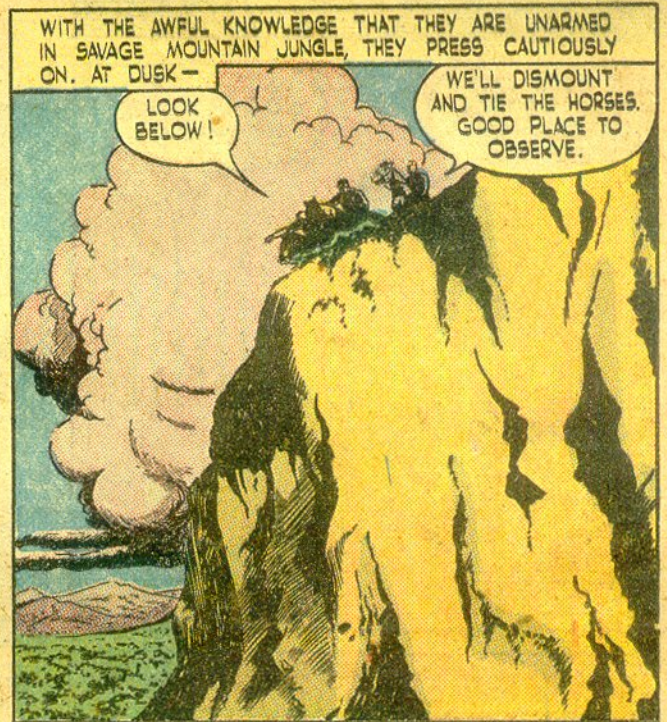


TALK FAST, MANUEL, WHILE
WE TRY THESE BRACELETS
FOR SIZE!









JACK OBSERVES BETTY, GUARDED BY A TALL SAVAGE, TAKEN TO A HUT NEAR THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE. HE DECIDES ON A DARING PLAN OF RESCUE...



WAIT HERE WITH THE HORSES—I'M GOING DOWN AFTER BETTY!

BUT, JACK—YOU HAVE NO AMMUNITION!



THIS BOWIE KNIFE WILL DO THE TRICK. HERE GOES—SEE YOU LATER!

NOT IF THOSE JUICED-UP JITTERBUGS SEE YOU FIRST!



AS SILENTLY AS THE FAST-FALLING JUNGLE DARKNESS, JACK EDGES HIS WAY TO THE HUT WHERE BETTY IS HELD CAPTIVE...



AS THE SAVAGES DANCE THEMSELVES INTO A DRUNKEN FRENZY, JACK INCHES CLOSER AND CLOSER...



GAINING ENTRANCE TO THE HUT, JACK IS CONFRONTED BY THE GLISTENING RED BACK OF THE SAVAGE WHO GUARDS BETTY. JACK DELIBERATELY MAKES A SOUND... THE SURPRISED SAVAGE TURNS... THEN—



SWIFTLY JACK CUTS BETTY'S BONDS...THEY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE TRAIL.



THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE!

WHO KIDNAPED YOU, SIS?



A WHITE MAN—SOMEONE I NEVER SAW BEFORE! OH! I'M SO HUNGRY.

HANG ON TIGHT!

THE BEAT OF THE TOM-TOMS GROWS FAINTER AND FAINTER. FINALLY—



I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE BACK ALIVE!

THAT GOES FOR SOMEBODY ELSE I KNOW.



I'VE BEEN QUESTIONING MANUEL.

MR. STONE, PLEASE RELEASE MANUEL AT ONCE!



WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN RUINING YOUR PLANTATION—DYNAMITED OUR PLANE—KIDNAPPED BETTY—IS NONE OTHER THAN...



SAM SMITHERS, YOUR TRUSTED FOREMAN!

STONE, SHOCKED, DEMANDS PROOF...

THAT KIDNAP NOTE GAVE SMITHERS AWAY. MANUEL WAS UNDER GUARD AT THE TIME—LUM AND THE NATIVES CANNOT WRITE ENGLISH!

SMITHERS TOOK BETTY TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE, RETURNED AND PLANTED THE NOTE. I FOUND MOUNTAIN CLAY ON THE HOOF OF SMITHERS' HORSE!

THEN?

THEN HE SENT US OFF WITH BLANK AMMUNITION—HOPING THOSE RUM-CRAZY SAVAGES WOULD SHOOT HOLES IN OUR HIDES—SO HE COULD CONTINUE TO WRECK YOUR CROPS DURING HIS SO-CALLED INSPECTION RIDES!

ONE THING DOESN'T ADD UP. BETTY DID NOT RECOGNIZE SMITHERS AS THE MAN WHO KIDNAPPED HER—YET I'M POSITIVE HE DID...

PER'APS I CAN EXPLAIN, SENOR!

THE NIGHT THE SENORITA SEE ME, I JUS' SEARCH' SENOR SMITHERS' OFICINA. THERE I FIND MUCH GREASE PAINT.

A MASK! SO THAT'S THE ANSWER!

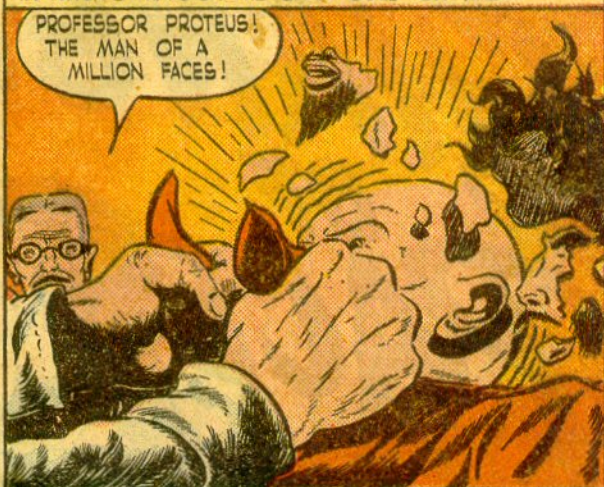
SUDDENLY...

STOP YOU FOOLS!

IN A FLASH, JACK SWEEPS THE LAMP FROM THE TABLE, PLUNGES THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS! SMITHERS FIRES WILDLY AS JACK LEAPS TOWARD HIM.



AS THEY GRAPPLE FURIOUSLY IN THE DARK, A WEIRD THING HAPPENS! THE FOREMAN'S FACE FALLS APART IN JACK'S HANDS! THE LIGHT GOES ON AND...



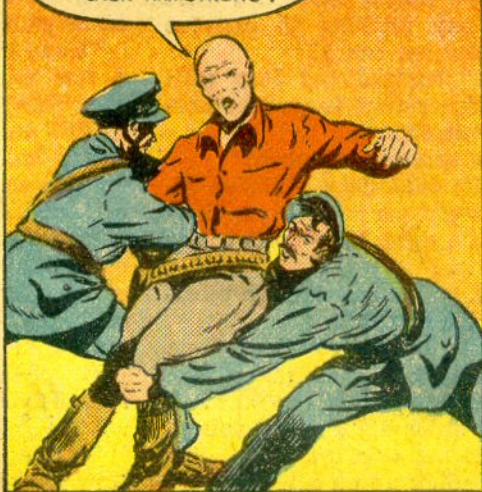
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH SMITHERS?

I KILLED HIM AND TOOK HIS JOB! EVEN STONE DID NOT SUSPECT!



AS JACK TURNS HIM OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES...

NO JAIL CAN KEEP ME FROM GETTING EVEN WITH YOU, JACK ARMSTRONG!



PROFESSOR PROTEUS, WIZARD OF MAKEUP, IS THE DANGEROUS CRIME GENIUS WHO SELLS HIS EVIL SERVICES TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER... DEFIES AND Baffles THE POLICE OF SIX CONTINENTS!

LATER, AS THEY BOARD THEIR NEW PLANE, THE GIFT OF GRATEFUL JONATHAN STONE.

LOOK OUT FOR LAND MINES, MATES!

YES! GOODNESS KNOWS WHERE THAT PROFESSOR WILL POP UP NEXT!



FOR A WHILE AT LEAST, THE MAN OF A MILLION FACES HAS BEEN OUTWITTED AND OUTFOUGHT BY JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY!

CHANGE OF PACE

By GEORGE D. LIPSCOMB

Author of "Tales from the Land of Simba"

THERE comes a time when a major league pitcher must learn to hurl with his head as well as his arm. And for Old Bernie, that time had arrived . . .

Joey, his eyes glistening, sat glued to his seat in the stands.

"As a big leaguer, you're washed up," said Manager Blake. "No one hates to tell you, Bernie, worse than I do."

The words ringing in his ears, Bernie showered, dressed and walked slowly to his hotel. He'd saved money, his family would never want. But baseball was in Bernie's heart—he would have pitched big league ball *without* a contract.

Bernie warmed the bench as the team swung round the circuit. Then he had a day off near his home town. To his wife and friends he admitted, "I'm washed up. This is my last season." Then, most difficult of all, he had to tell Joey.

Tears were in the youngster's eyes as he looked into his father's face. Then slowly Joey said, "Dad you're *not* through."

Bernie put his hand on Joey's

shoulder: "Let's face it, Son. I've lasted longer than most pitchers. I'm thirty-seven, Joey, and my arm just won't whip that pill in there the way it used to. I can't expect my pitching to improve from now on, can I?"

"Yes," contradicted Joey with a confidence that tugged at Bernie's heartstrings.

"How can you say that?"

"Dad," said Joey, "you've always taught me never to say die."

"That's right, but—there comes a time . . ."

"Dad, you're not through pitching until I say so!"

Bernie laughed. "But Joey, you're not the manager of the team and you're not the fans . . ."

Joey ordered, "I want you to pitch to me this afternoon. I've been reading up on pitching, and I've got some ideas of my own.

You always wanted me to be a big-league pitcher like yourself."

"And you will be, Joey." Joey took his father out behind the barn to a pitcher's mound and home plate.

"Now, Dad," said Joey, "throw a few warm-ups, then give me everything you've got."

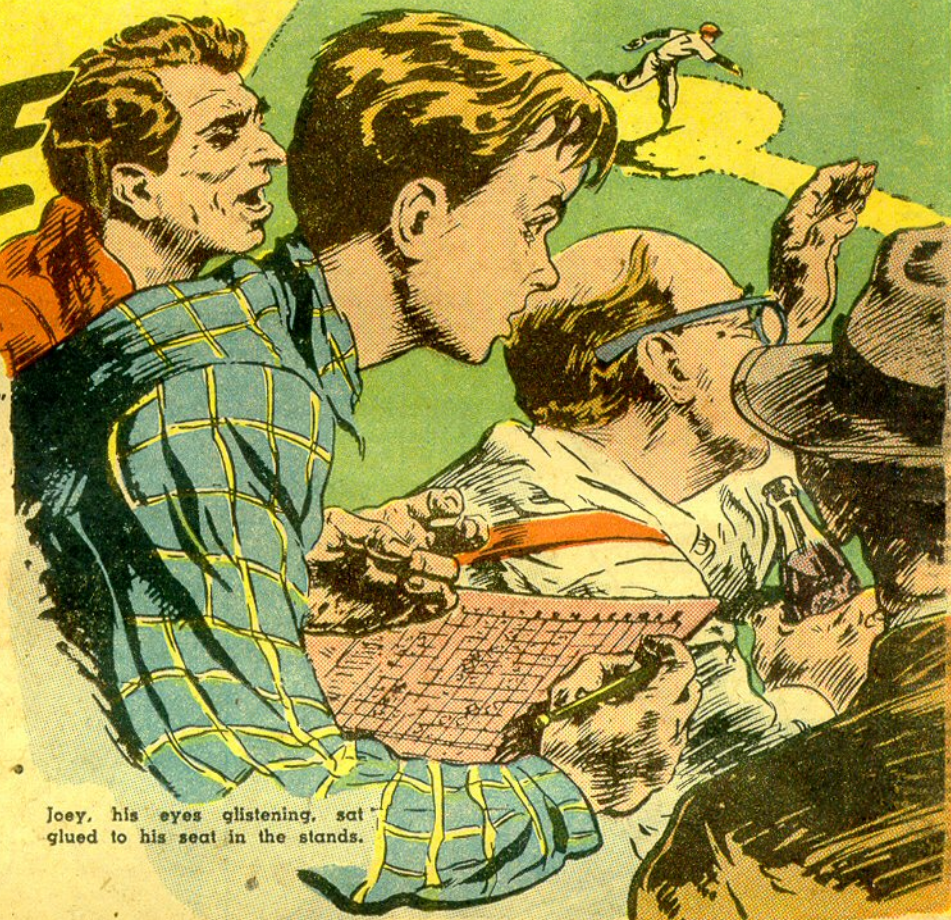
With no batter nor umpire to call a badly-pitched ball, Bernie felt the confidence he had known of old. He tossed over a few warm-up pitches. Then he burned one through that cut the outside corner. "How's that one?" he called to Joey.

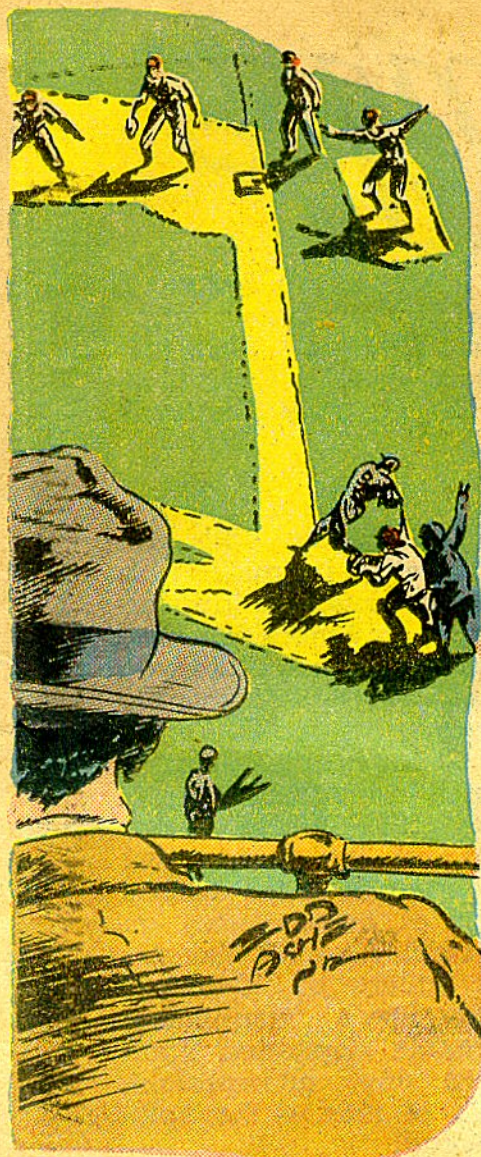
"Great!" yelled Joey.

Bernie stretched, leaned back and delivered a cannon ball that cut the inside corner.

"Strike two!" yelled Joey. "Now give me the old drop."

Bernie hurled a drop that broke





downward, curved across the middle of the plate.

"Strike three!" yelled Joey. "Now throw me what you like." Bernie put all he had into the throw. The pitch went wild and Bernie suddenly felt that sharp pain in his shoulder.

Then Joey took the mound. "Dad," he said, "you catch me for a while. Maybe I can show you how to save that arm of yours."

Bernie knew that his son was ace pitcher of the high school team, had made All-State. But what could Joey show him? Bernie put on the catcher's mitt and squatted behind the plate.

"Now, don't try to throw your arm off, Son," cautioned Bernie.

"That's exactly what I want to show you, Dad," said Joey, stepping on the mound. "You've always told me to save my arm,

yet you throw yours away on the first few pitches!"

Joey tossed an easy floater that did things as it danced in. Then Joey threw a variety of balls.

"Great stuff!" said Bernie. "How's your arm feel?"

"I'm just warmed up. And so would you be if you'd serve up more slow stuff and only use your fast one for a change of pace!"

Bernie sat down on a rock. He suddenly realized why he had always been a speedball pitcher. He had delighted in hearing the fans exclaim, "Old Bernie's got the fastest ball in the league!" Yes, that was it . . . Joey was right.

Bernie rejoined the club and again warmed the bench. But he was on the field for every practice, and when big Bill Kelly wasn't working with another pitcher, Bernie threw to him. Floaters that shimmied over the plate, easy side-arm pitches that cut the corners, and occasionally a speedball that laid into Billy Kelly's glove with a resounding smack.

Several times Bill Kelly said, "Bernie, I don't see the smoke I used to see, but your arm's not gone—you've developed deception. Let me speak to Blake. He'll start you if I say you're right."

But Bernie would say, "No, I'm waiting for that big moment when Blake calls on me. Then I'll pitch and win for him. And that will be my last game as a big leaguer."

Bernie watched the team win the league pennant without his assistance. He watched them tie the Sox, three games a piece, in the World Series. And then came the final, decisive game of the Series.

The Sox were young, heavy-hitters, and they liked speedball pitching. Blake had already worked his best pitchers and was wondering which one could turn the tide.

Just before game time, while Blake was still undecided between his two young speedball pitchers, Kelly went over to him. "Blake," he said, "Old Bernie's ready. Put him in there and he'll win your championship for you."

Blake almost swallowed his cigar. "Kelly, have you lost your mind?"

The catcher smiled. "Nope. But I've been catching Bernie in secret practice. He's changed his

style. He's ready with a slowball and a change of pace. Sure as those heavy hitters see him in the line-up, they'll expect fast pitching. And Bernie's your man to cross 'em up!"

Blake chewed his cigar briefly. He had great respect for Kelly's baseball judgment. "Okay. Get behind the plate and I'll give Bernie a look-see. This I want to see for myself!"

The stands were overflowing. Joey had a seat right behind home plate. Bernie was on the mound warming up with Kelly. The fans were in an uproar. Had Manager Blake gone crazy? Or was he remembering the time Connie Mack had made baseball history by starting veteran Howard Ehmke—and the old-timer had set a record for strike-outs in that Series contest?

The umpire yelled, "Play ball!" and the Sox lead-off man stepped up to the plate. There was the stretch, the pitch, and a tantalizing floater did tricks before the batter's eyes, then plopped into Bill Kelly's mitt.

"Strike!"

Old Bernie stretched again, then delivered a side-arm pitch that cut the inside corner.

"Strike two!"

Bernie wound up again, carefully concealing the pitch. A deep drop fooled the batter.

"Strike three!" The umpire's thumb jerked toward the Sox dugout and Bernie was on his way! Sometimes he made the batters pop-up to the infield, sometimes he waved the outfield back to take easy flies. And frequently his change of pace completely fooled the anxious Sox sluggers. Joey, his eyes glistening, sat glued to his seat in the stands.

When the last batter was out and the world championship won, Bernie trudged, weary but happy, to the showers. The praise of the fans was still roaring in his ears. Manager Blake burst into the dressing room. "Bernie, you were terrific! You can name your own salary for next year!"

"No, Blake," said Bernie quietly. "I'm quitting the way I always wanted to—while I'm on top." Then Bernie pushed Joey forward. "Here's the next big-league pitcher in our family. He may not have the 'stuff' in his arm that the old Bernie had, but he's got more between the ears!"

Famous **SPLIT-**

How a shortstop's hesitation and the reckless base-running of Enos "Country" Slaughter brought a World's Championship to the St. Louis Cardinals in 1946!



Teammates call him "Country" because of his ruddy, outdoors appearance...but there's nothing countrified about the way Enos Slaughter plays big league baseball!

Slaughter's performance in the final game of the 1946 World Series against the Boston Red Sox is one of the slickest bits of base-running on record. And the success or failure of "Country" Slaughter's magnificent gamble depended upon that tiny, all-important, tick of time — the split-second!

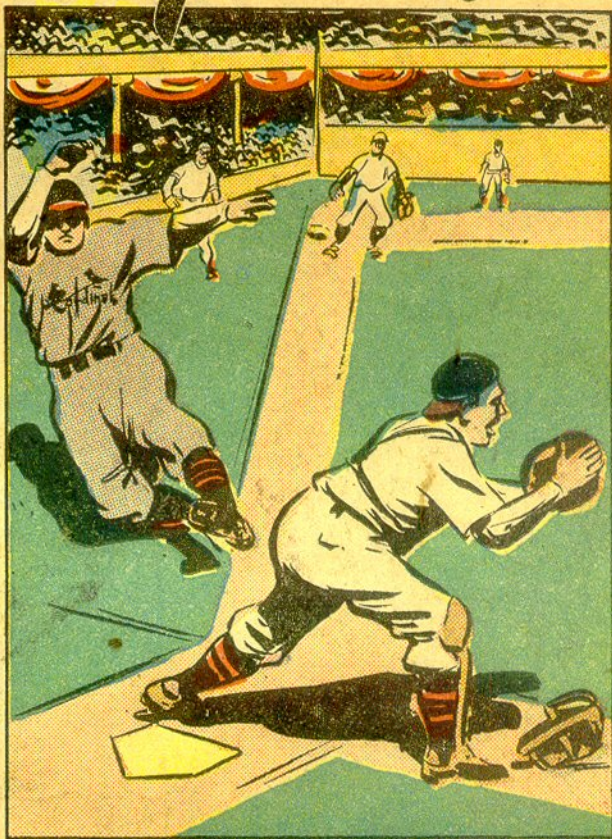


WITH THE SCORE TIED, 3-3, IN THE DECIDING GAME OF THE SERIES, SLAUGHTER SINGLES SHARPLY TO OPEN THE EIGHTH INNING —

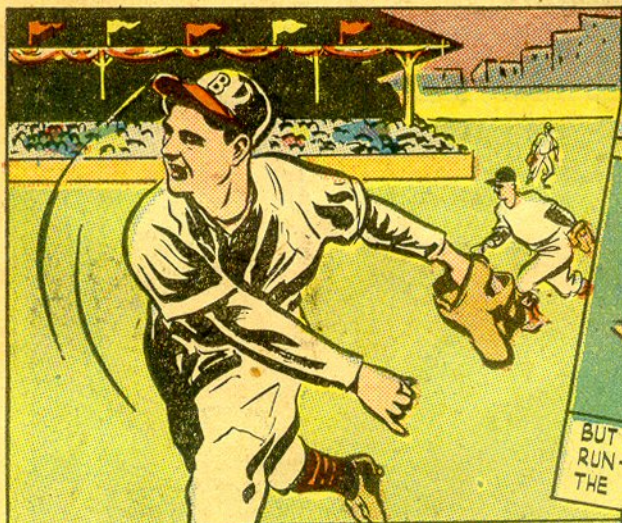


THE STEAL IS ON — AND HARRY WALKER SINGLES TO LEFT AS "COUNTRY" BREAKS FOR SECOND BASE.

SECONDS IN Sports!



AS THE FLABBERGASTED COACH WATCHES, SLAUGHTER ROUNDS THIRD, HEADS FOR THE PLATE.

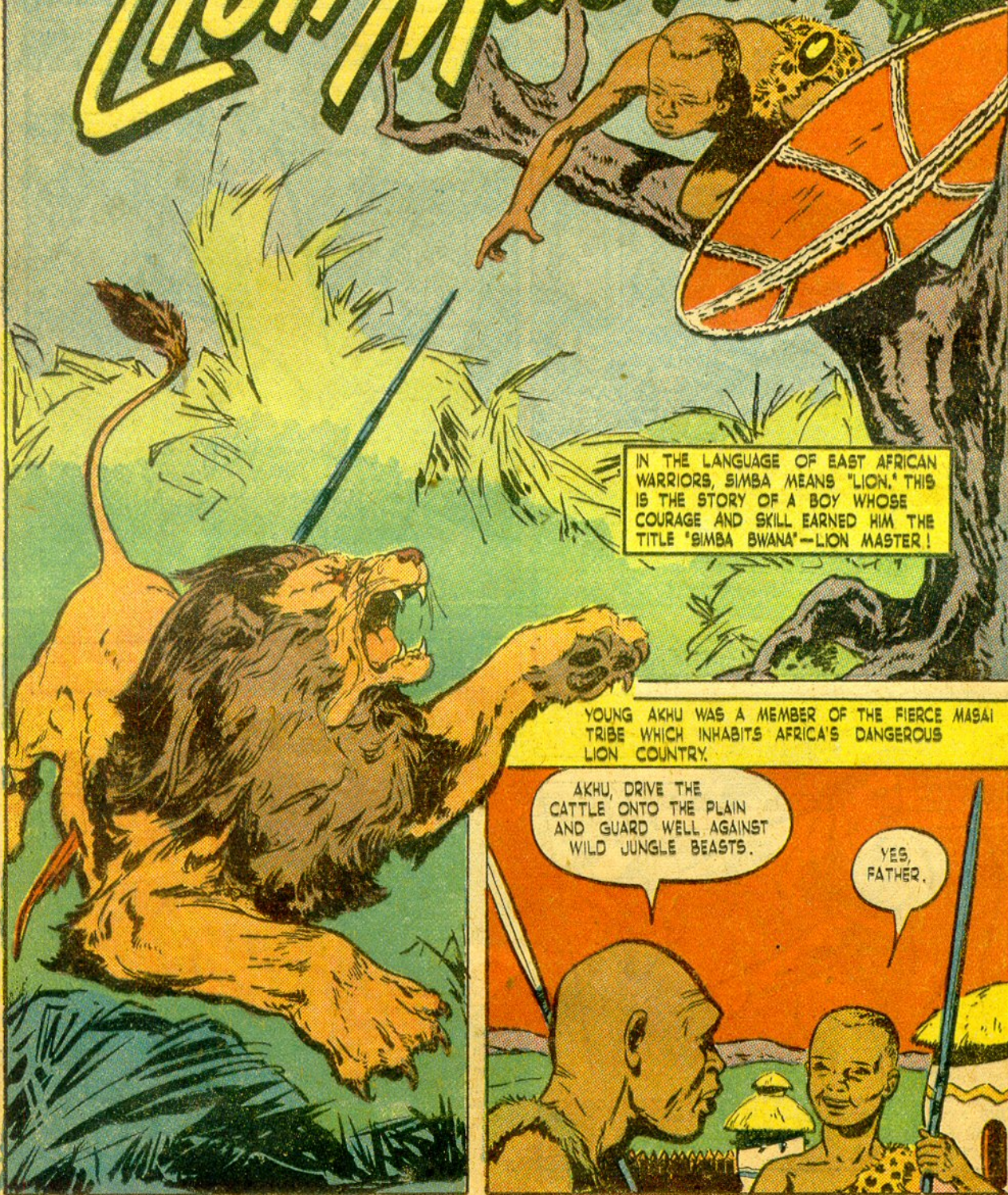


THE AMAZED BOSTON SHORTSTOP HOLDS THE RELAY A FRACTION OF A SECOND, THEN CUTS LOOSE TO THE CATCHER.



BUT SLAUGHTER SLIDES IN SAFELY WITH THE WINNING RUN—A SPLIT-SECOND AHEAD OF THE BALL—AND THE CARDINALS ARE WORLD CHAMPIONS!

SIMBA BWANA- *Lion Master!*



IN THE LANGUAGE OF EAST AFRICAN WARRIORS, SIMBA MEANS "LION." THIS IS THE STORY OF A BOY WHOSE COURAGE AND SKILL EARNED HIM THE TITLE "SIMBA BWANA"—LION MASTER!

YOUNG AKHU WAS A MEMBER OF THE FIERCE MASAI TRIBE WHICH INHABITS AFRICA'S DANGEROUS LION COUNTRY.

AKHU, DRIVE THE CATTLE ONTO THE PLAIN AND GUARD WELL AGAINST WILD JUNGLE BEASTS.

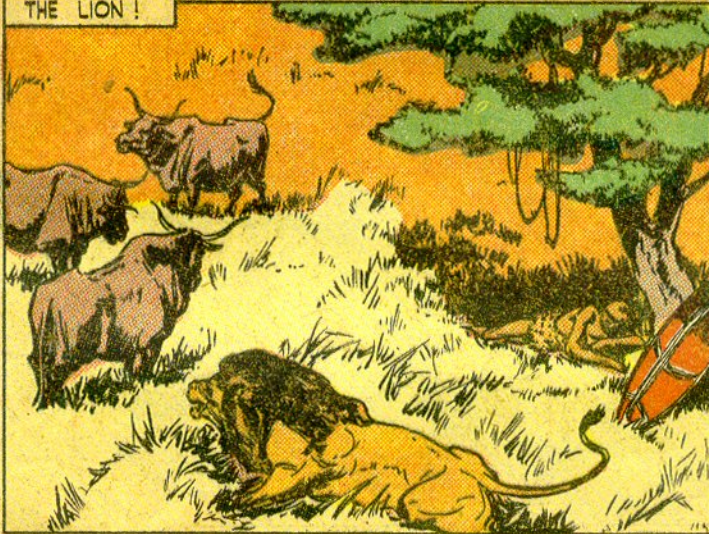
YES, FATHER.

AKHU, SON OF THE CHIEF, WAS WISE IN THE WAYS OF THE JUNGLE.

HOW STUPID IS THE RHINO! HE SMELLS THE CATTLE AND THINKS ME ONE OF THEM.



BUT WHEN THE MID-DAY SUN GREW HOT, AKHU DROWESED... UNWARE THAT NEARBY LURKED HIS JUNGLE FOE—SIMBA THE LION!

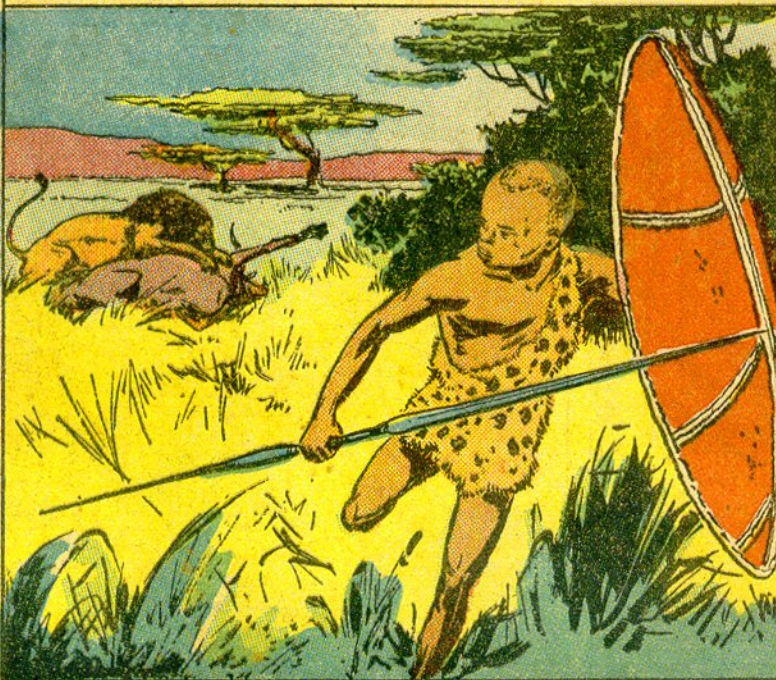


WITH A TERRIFYING ROAR THE POWERFUL BEAST SPRINGS—

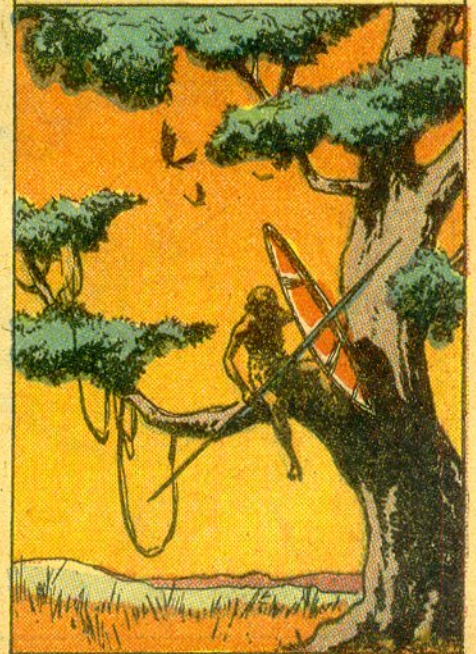
JUNGLE SIMBA!

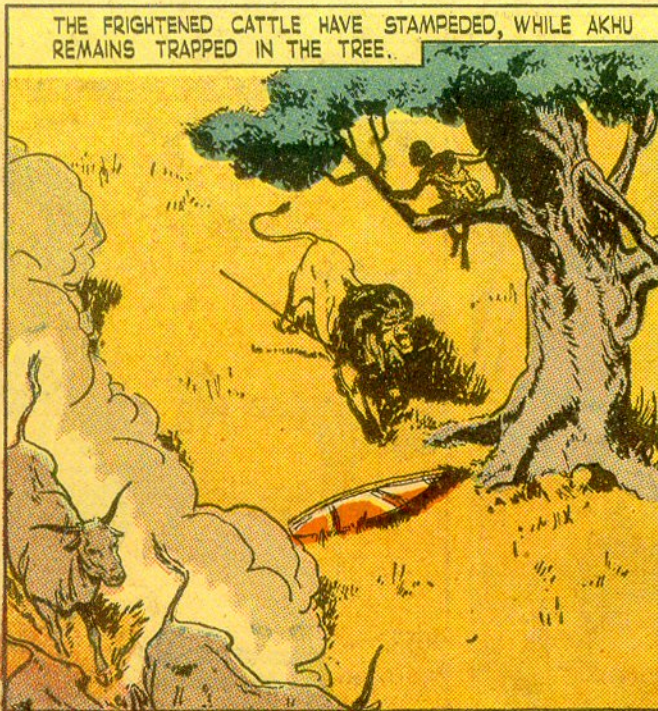
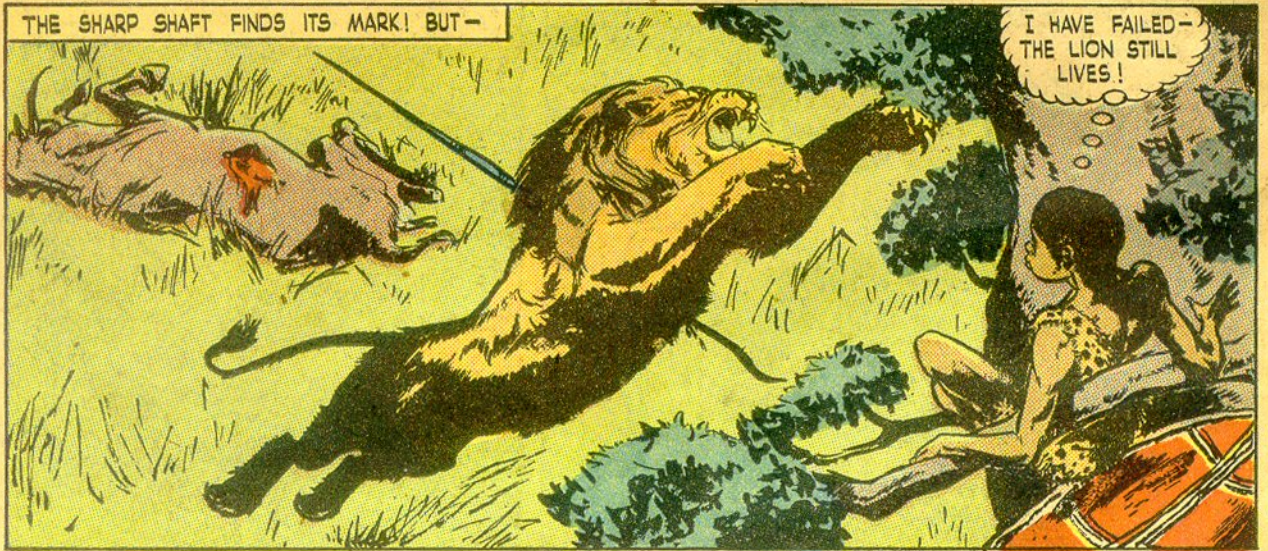
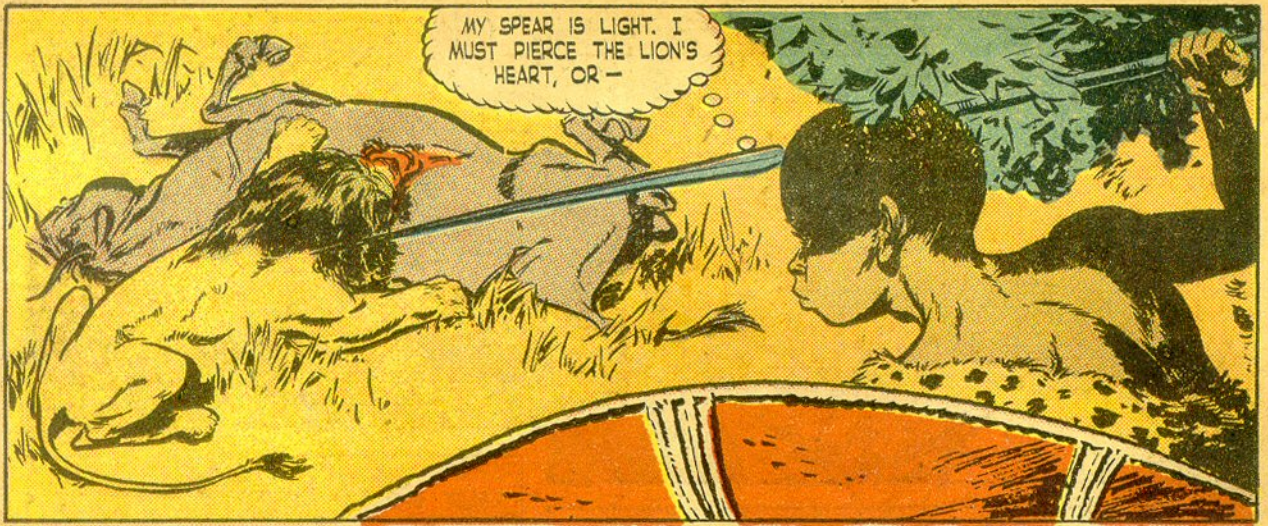


THE BOY QUICKLY TAKES COVER IN A THICKET OF THORNS...



...THEN CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBS INTO AN OVERHANGING JUNGLE TREE.





MEANWHILE...

THE CATTLE
HAVE RETURNED.
BUT AKHU IS
MISSING!

IF MY SON IS DEAD I
WILL KILL EVERY LION
ON THE PLAIN!

LET US
SEARCH!



LOOK!
IN THE
TREE!



SWIFTLY THE CHIEF HURLS HIS GREAT SPEAR AND—

AKHU IS
SAVED!

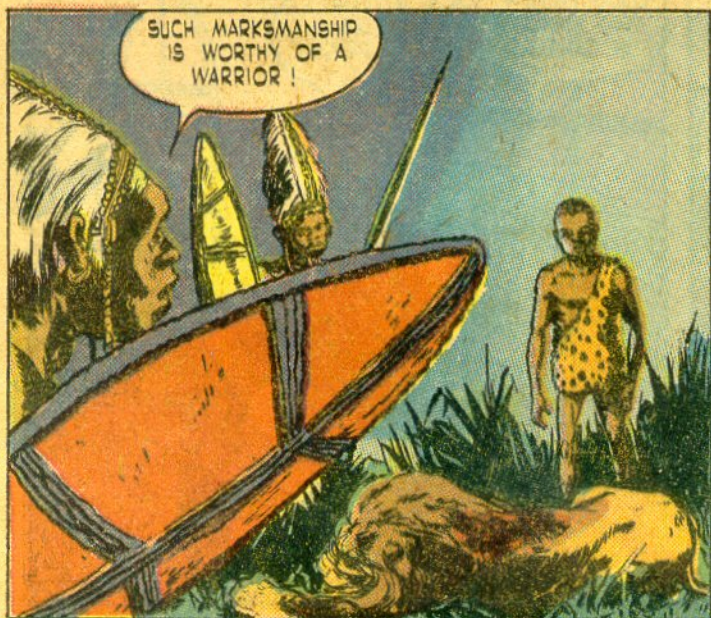


THE WARRIORS
QUICKLY FINISH
OFF THE LEOPARD.
THEN A SHOUT
GOES UP —

LOOK! I HAVE
FOUND AKHU'S SPEAR
IN THE CARCASS
OF A LION!



SUCH MARKSMANSHIP
IS WORTHY OF A
WARRIOR!



AND SO, IN RECOGNITION OF AKHU'S
SKILL AND COURAGE —

HENCEFORTH YOUR NAME
SHALL BE **SIMBA BWANA**—AND
YOU SHALL LIVE IN THE CAMP
OF THE WARRIORS!

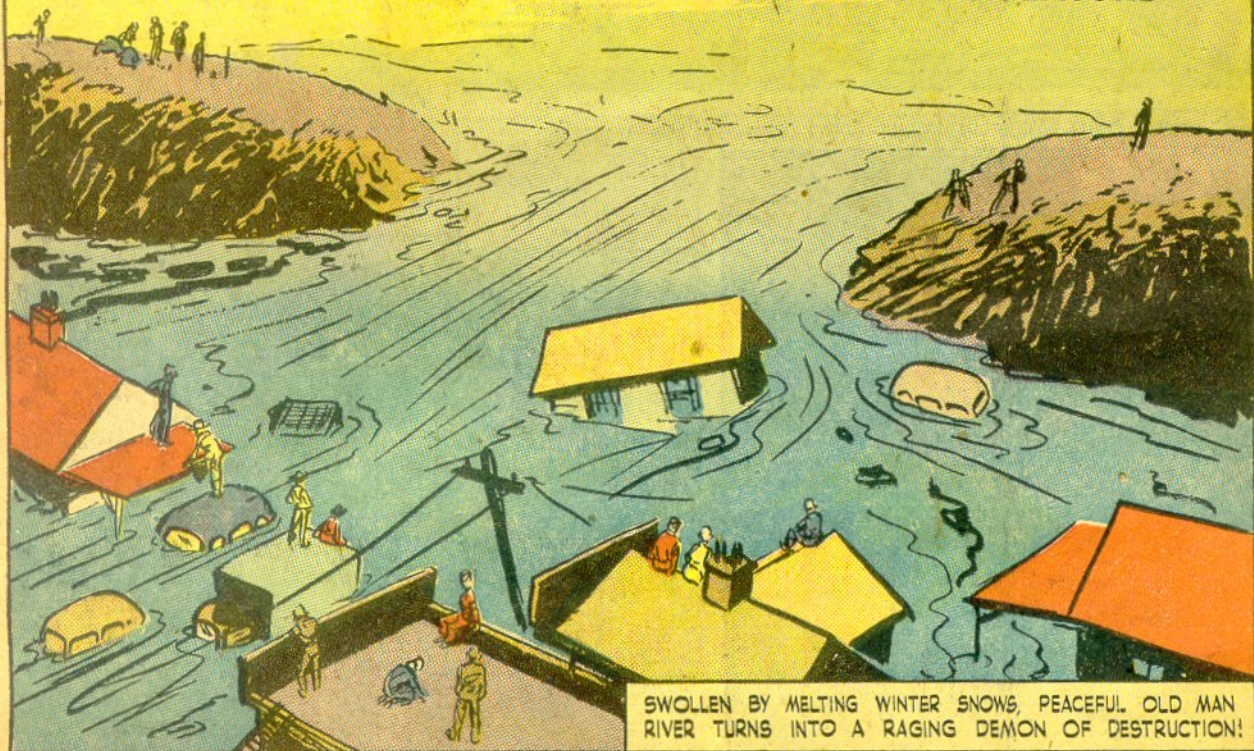
I DO NOT
DESERVE SO
GREAT AN
HONOR!



ANGEL of MERCY

WITH WATER-WINGS

A NEW BETTY FAIRFIELD ADVENTURE



SWOLLEN BY MELTING WINTER SNOWS, PEACEFUL OLD MAN RIVER TURNS INTO A RAGING DEMON OF DESTRUCTION!

AS TOWNSFOLK SCRAMBLE FOR THEIR ROOFTOPS, THE FARSIGHTED DISTRICT NURSE, EMMA WEBSTER, WORKS FEVERISHLY WITH BETTY FAIRFIELD TO STORE MEDICAL SUPPLIES IN THE CHURCH.



LOOK, EMMA—
THAT CHILD IS
IN DANGER!

IT'S
TOMMY
LARSON!



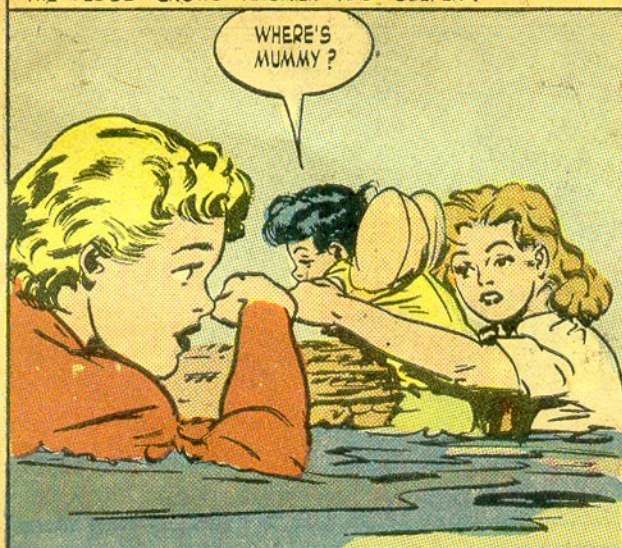
GRABBING THE WATER-WINGS WITH WHICH SHE TEACHES YOUNGSTERS TO SWIM, NURSE WEBSTER ACTS SWIFTLY—

FOLLOW ME, BETTY! HE'S DRIFTING DOWN STREAM WITH THE CURRENT.



AS THE TIRING TRIO ANXIOUSLY AWAITS A RESCUE SKIFF, THE FLOOD GROWS ANGRIER AND DEEPER!

WHERE'S MUMMY?



DON'T CRY TOMMY—THESE WATER-WINGS WILL KEEP YOU AFLOAT.

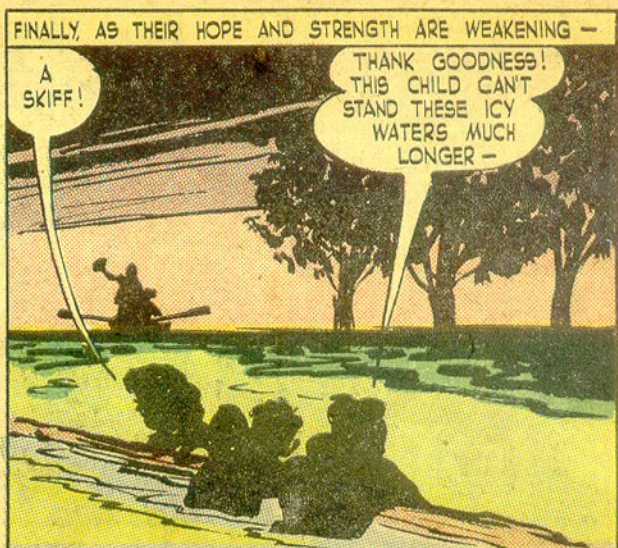
I WANT MUMMY!



FINALLY, AS THEIR HOPE AND STRENGTH ARE WEAKENING —

A SKIFF!

THANK GOODNESS! THIS CHILD CAN'T STAND THESE ICY WATERS MUCH LONGER —



GOT YOUR SATURDAY NIGHT BATH EARLY THIS WEEK, EH SONNY?

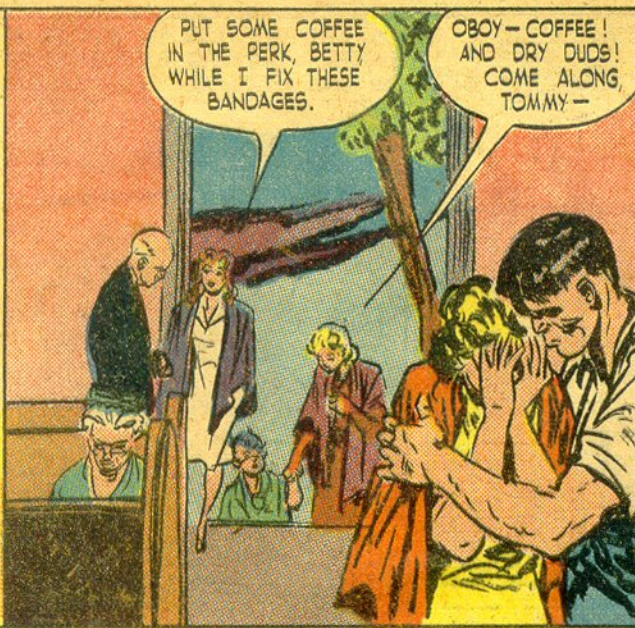


MY FIRST-AID SUPPLIES ARE UP IN THE CHURCH... CAN WE MAKE IT?

WE'LL TRY!



BATTLING
FLOODWATERS,
THEY REACH
THE CHURCH.
NURSE WEBSTER
SETS UP A
FIRST-AID STATION
FOR INJURED
TOWNSPEOPLE...



PUT SOME COFFEE
IN THE PERK, BETTY
WHILE I FIX THESE
BANDAGES.

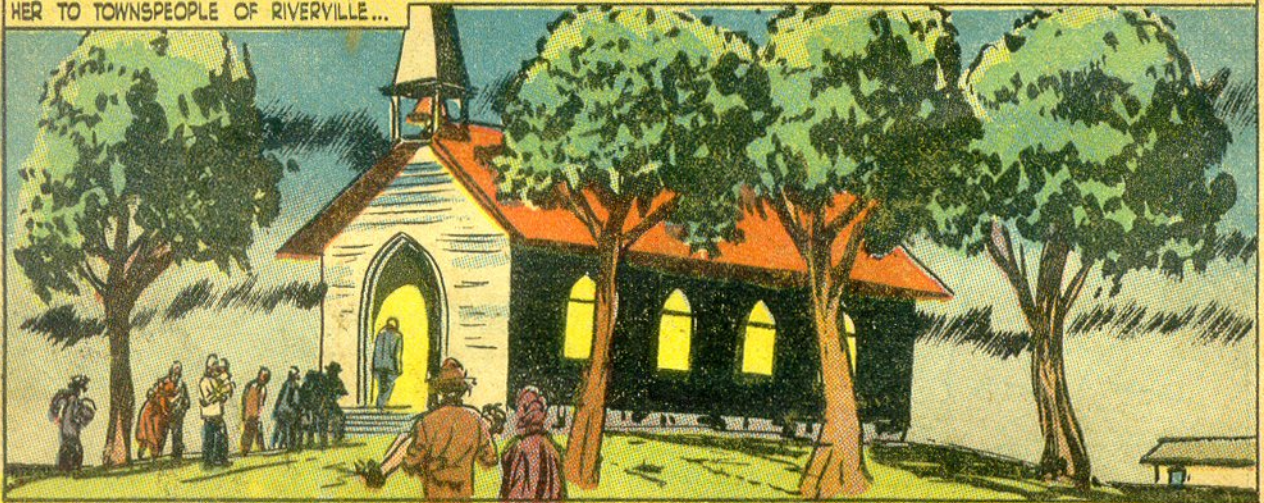
OBOY—COFFEE!
AND DRY DUDS!
COME ALONG,
TOMMY—



WHY NOT USE
THE BENCHES FOR
BEDS, NURSE?

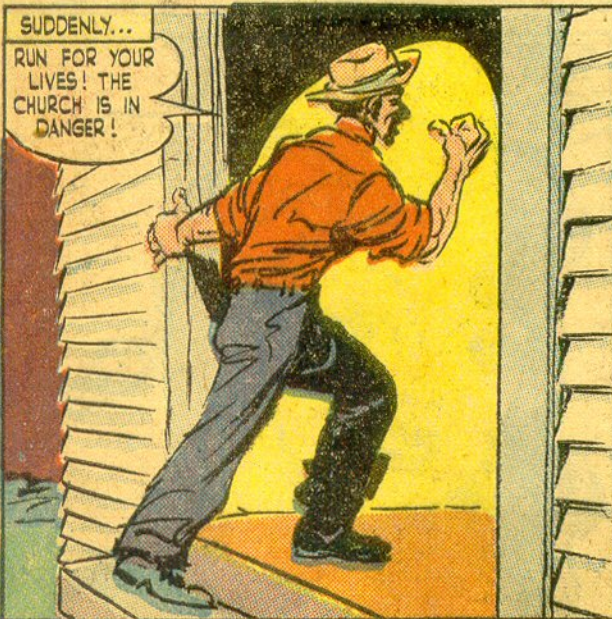
A GOOD
IDEA,
REVEREND.

AS THE INJURED ARE BROUGHT IN, NURSE WEBSTER TENDS THEM WITH ALL THE SYMPATHY AND SKILL THAT HAS ENDEARED HER TO TOWNSPEOPLE OF RIVERVILLE...



SUDDENLY...

RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES! THE
CHURCH IS IN
DANGER!



THESE FOLKS CAN'T
LEAVE—THEY'RE INJURED...
EXHAUSTED!

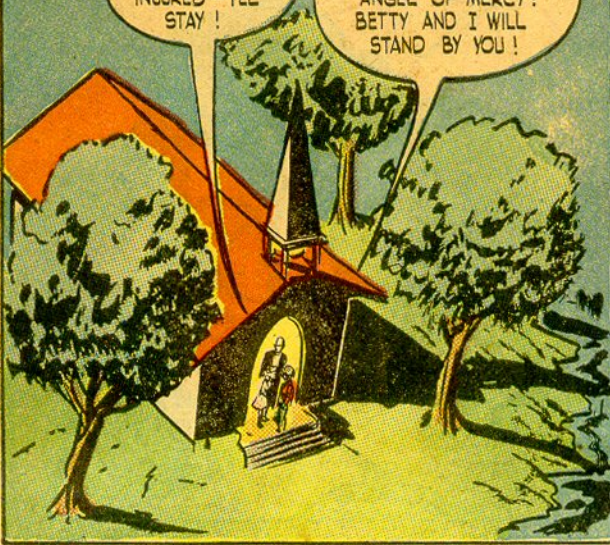
BUT THE FLOOD—
IT'S GETTING HIGHER
EVERY MINUTE!



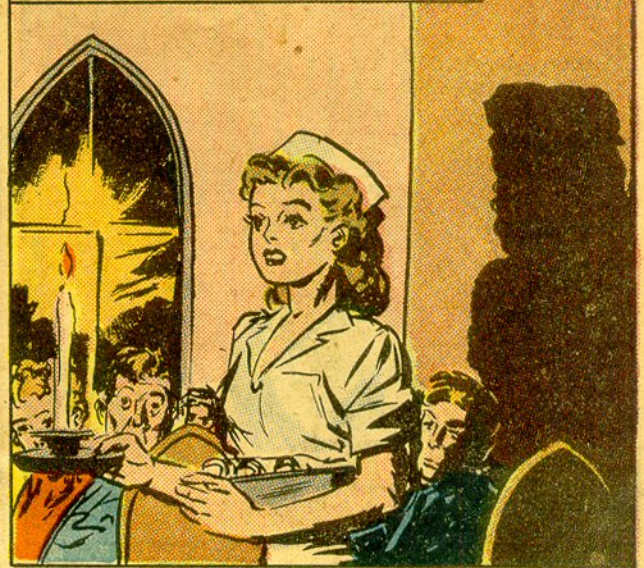
THE BRAVE NURSE MAKES A QUICK DECISION!

MY PLACE IS
HERE WITH THE
INJURED - I'LL
STAY!

BLESS YOU, NURSE-
YOU ARE INDEED AN
ANGEL OF MERCY!
BETTY AND I WILL
STAND BY YOU!

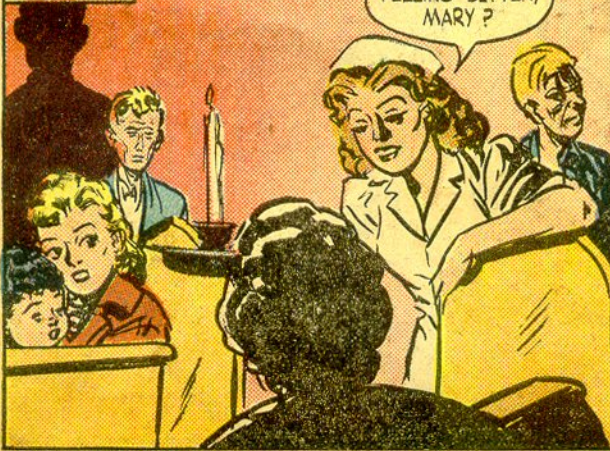


AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE ROARING FLOOD GROWS
NEARER! FLICKERING CANDLELIGHT REFLECTS THE
WAVERING HOPES OF THE TENSE GROUP.



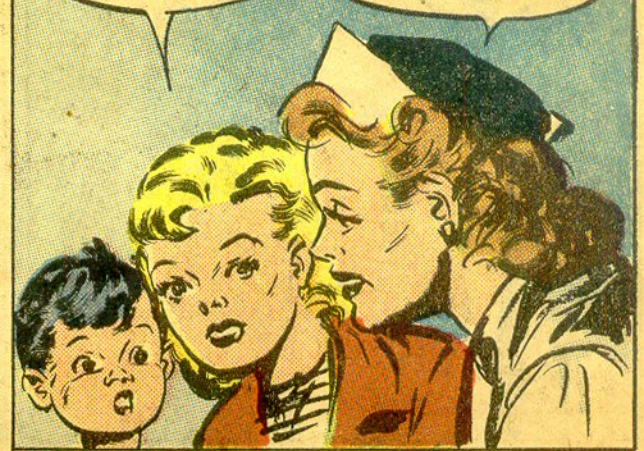
BUT NURSE WEBSTER MOVES CHEERFULLY AMONG THE
INJURED, KEEPING UP THEIR SPIRITS WITH HER OWN COOL
COURAGE.

FEELING BETTER,
MARY?



HOW CAN YOU KEEP
SO COOL? I'M SCARED
SILLY!

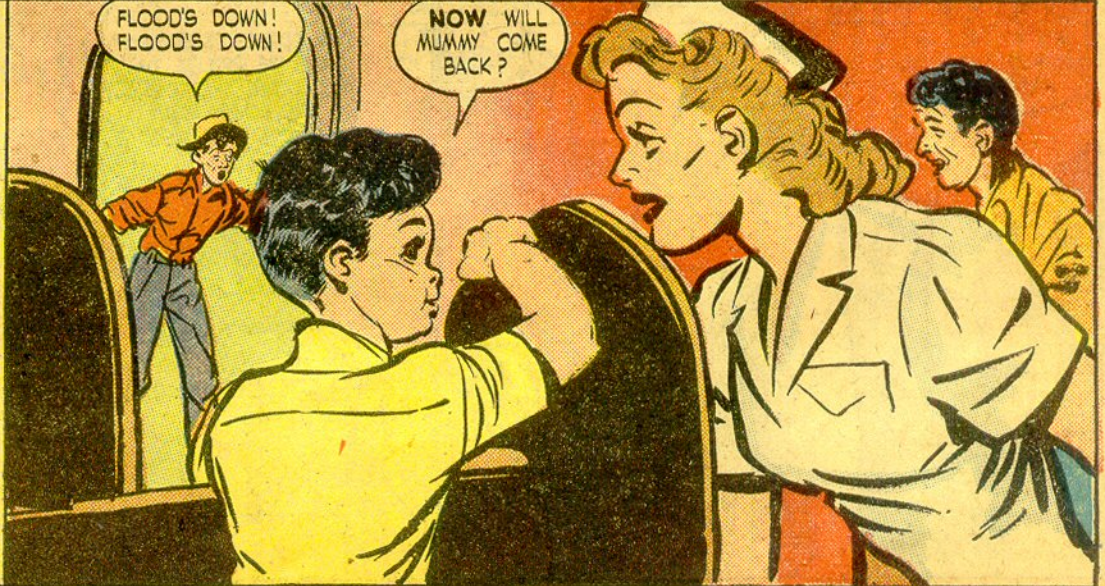
KEEPING COOL GETS
TO BE A HABIT WITH
DISTRICT NURSES, BETTY.



FLOOD'S DOWN!
FLOOD'S DOWN!

NOW WILL
MUMMY COME
BACK?

THE
SUSPENSEFUL
NIGHT DRAGS
ON. FINALLY,
AS DAWN
STREAKS THE
SKY, A
MESSENGER
BURSTS IN.



AS THE FLOOD SUBSIDES, TOMMY'S FRANTIC MOTHER RUSHES IN...

TOMMY! TOMMY!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?



I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D SEE MY BOY
ALIVE AGAIN!



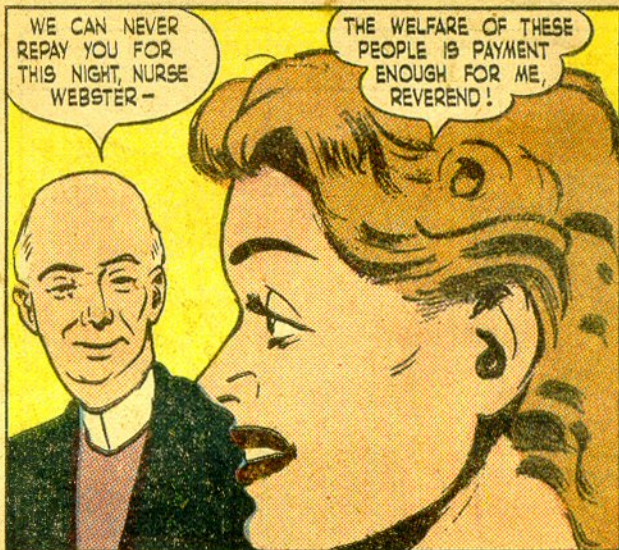
TRULY, NURSE,
YOU ARE AN ANGEL
OF MERCY.

YOU AREN'T JOSHING
ME ABOUT THOSE
WATER WINGS,
REVEREND?



WE CAN NEVER
REPAY YOU FOR
THIS NIGHT, NURSE
WEBSTER -

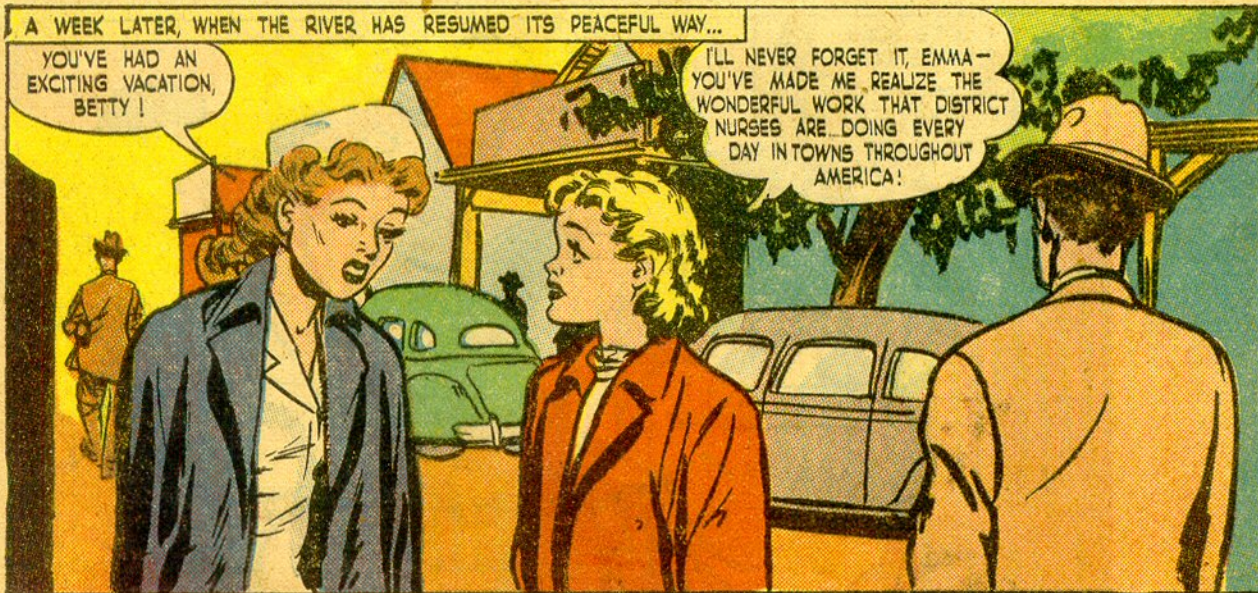
THE WELFARE OF THESE
PEOPLE IS PAYMENT
ENOUGH FOR ME,
REVEREND!



A WEEK LATER, WHEN THE RIVER HAS RESUMED ITS PEACEFUL WAY...

YOU'VE HAD AN
EXCITING VACATION,
BETTY!

I'LL NEVER FORGET IT, EMMA -
YOU'VE MADE ME REALIZE THE
WONDERFUL WORK THAT DISTRICT
NURSES ARE DOING EVERY
DAY IN TOWNS THROUGHOUT
AMERICA!



**LIST OF ABC STATIONS
CARRYING JACK ARMSTRONG PROGRAM
5:30-6:00 P.M. Local Time**

| | |
|-----------------------------|------|
| ALABAMA | |
| Anniston | WHMA |
| Birmingham | WSGN |
| Dodhan | WDIC |
| Florence | WJOI |
| Mobile | WMOB |
| Montgomery | WAPX |
| ARIZONA | |
| Phoenix | KPHO |
| ARKANSAS | |
| El Dorado | KELD |
| Hot Springs | KTHS |
| Little Rock | KGHI |
| CALIFORNIA | |
| Bakersfield | KPMC |
| Brawley | KROP |
| Eureka | KHUM |
| Fresno | KTKC |
| Indio | KREO |
| Los Angeles | KECA |
| Riverside | KPRO |
| Sacramento | KPRK |
| San Diego | KFMB |
| San Francisco | KGO |
| Santa Barbara | KTMS |
| Santa Maria | KCOY |
| Stockton | KWG |
| Visalia | KTKC |
| Watsonville | KHUB |
| COLORADO | |
| Denver | KVOD |
| Pueblo | KGHF |
| Trinidad | KSFT |
| CONNECTICUT | |
| Bridgeport | WNAB |
| Hartford | WHTT |
| New Haven | WELI |
| Stamford | WSTC |
| Waterbury | WATR |
| DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA | |
| Washington | WMAL |
| FLORIDA | |
| Daytona Beach | WMFJ |
| Jacksonville | WPDQ |
| Miami | WGBS |
| Orlando | WLOF |
| Palm Beach | WWPG |
| St. Petersburg | WSUN |
| Tampa | WSUN |
| GEORGIA | |
| Atlanta | WGAA |
| Cedartown | WGAA |
| Columbus | WDAX |
| Macon | WBML |
| Savannah | WDAR |
| West Point | WRLD |
| ILLINOIS | |
| Bloomington | WJBC |
| Chicago | WENR |
| Rockford | WROK |
| Rock Island | WHBF |
| Springfield | WCVS |
| INDIANA | |
| Anderson | WHBU |
| Huntington | WSAZ |
| Indianapolis | WISH |
| South Bend | WHOT |
| IOWA | |
| Burlington | KBUR |
| Des Moines | KRNT |
| Dubuque | WKBR |
| Shenandoah | KMA |
| Sioux City | WNAX |
| Waterloo | KXEL |
| KANSAS | |
| Coffeyville | KGGF |
| Lawrence | WREN |
| KENTUCKY | |
| Danville | WBTZ |
| Lexington | WLAP |
| Louisville | WINN |
| LOUISIANA | |
| Alexandria | KALB |
| Monroe | KMLB |
| Shreveport | KRMD |
| MAINE | |
| Augusta | WTVL |
| Portland | WPOR |
| Waterville | WTVL |
| MARYLAND | |
| Baltimore | WFBR |
| MASSACHUSETTS | |
| Boston | WCOP |
| Flynnis | WOCB |
| Lawrence | WLAW |
| New Bedford | WNBH |
| Springfield | WSPR |
| Worcester | WORC |
| MICHIGAN | |
| Battle Creek | WELL |
| Bay City | WBCM |
| Detroit | WXYZ |
| Flint | WFDF |
| Grand Rapids | WLAV |
| Jackson | WIBM |
| Lansing | WJIM |
| Sault Ste. Marie | WSOO |
| MINNESOTA | |
| Albert Lea | KATE |
| Duluth | WDSM |
| St. Paul | WTCN |
| Willmar | KWLM |
| MISSISSIPPI | |
| Jackson | WSLI |
| Winona | KWNO |

WILL YOU HELP US ?

To help us produce the finest comic magazines published, won't you please answer the questions below and on the following page? Kindly clip along the dash line and return to the Question Editor, Jack Armstrong Adventure Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

How old are you? Years

Are you a ☐ Boy or a ☐ Girl

How many brothers do you have?

What are their ages?

How many sisters do you have?

What are their ages?

Would you prefer to have this magazine consist of:

- ☐ Comics exclusively
or
☐ As it is now—comics with one story, a sports article and a few other features.

What other comic magazines do you particularly like?

Do you buy your own comic magazine?

- ☐ Yes, I buy them.
☐ No, somebody buys them for me.

Do you listen to the Jack Armstrong Program on the radio?

- ☐ Regularly ☐ Never ☐ Occasionally

And . . . (turn the page) . . . be sure to answer both sides.

The answers to the following questions will help us obtain more advertising for the magazine and this, in turn, will enable us to publish a better magazine.

What kind of house do you live in? (Check one)

- ☐ One-family house
- ☐ Two-family house
- ☐ Apartment building

How many adults (over 18) live in your home?

Does your family have a car?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No

What is your favorite breakfast cereal?

Do you drink milk mixed with chocolate or malted flavor?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No Your favorite.....

Do you like drinks such as Coca-Cola, Seven-Up, Pepsi-Cola, Royal Crown Cola, etc.?

- ☐ Yes ☐ No Your favorite.....

You need not give us your name unless you wish to.

Your Name

Street

City..... State.....

Add any ideas you want to, and mail to The Question Editor, Jack Armstrong Adventure Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

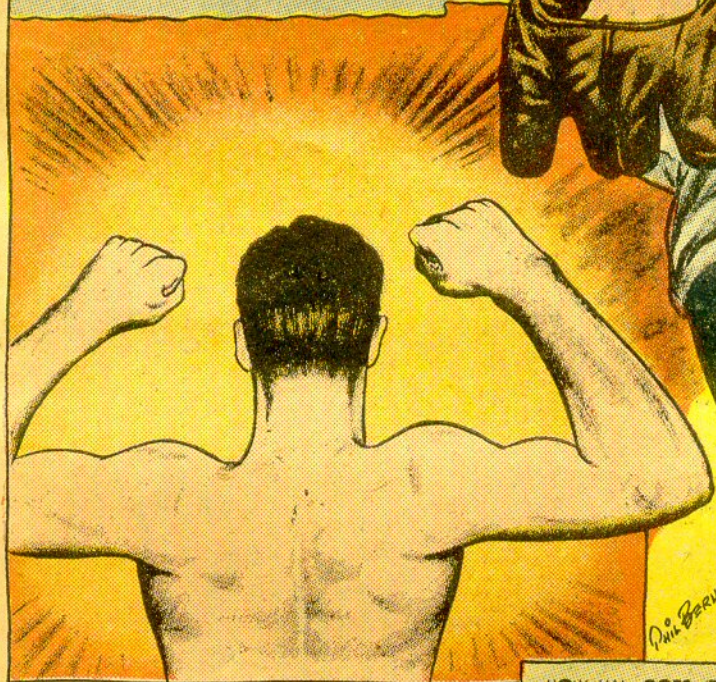
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| Springfield | KWTQ |
| NEBRASKA | KFOR |
| Lincoln | KOIL |
| Omaha | |
| NEVADA | KENO |
| Las Vegas | |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE | WMUR |
| Manchester | |
| NEW JERSEY | WFPG |
| Atlantic City | |
| NEW YORK | WOKO |
| Albany | WKBW |
| Buffalo | WGLN |
| Glens Falls | WJTN |
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| Olean | WMFF |
| Plattsburg | WKIP |
| Poughkeepsie | WNBZ |
| Saranac Lake | WAGE |
| Syracuse | |
| NORTH CAROLINA | WNCA |
| Asheville | WAYS |
| Charlotte | WDUK |
| Durham | WGNC |
| Gastonia | WHKY |
| Hickory | WMFR |
| High Point | WFTC |
| Kinston | WEED |
| Rocky Mount | WAIR |
| Winston-Salem | |
| OHIO | WAKR |
| Akron | WSAI |
| Cincinnati | WJW |
| Cleveland | WCOL |
| Columbus | WING |
| Dayton | WMAN |
| Mansfield | WMRN |
| Marion | WIZE |
| Springfield | WTO |
| Toledo | WFMJ |
| Youngstown | |
| OKLAHOMA | KADA |
| Ada | KVSO |
| Ardmore | KCRC |
| Enid | KSWO |
| Lawton | KTMC |
| McAlester | KBIX |
| Muskogee | KTKO |
| Oklahoma City | KGFF |
| Shawnee | KOME |
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| Charleston | WCOS |
| Columbia | WMRC |
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| Spartanburg | |
| TENNESSEE | WDEF |
| Chattanooga | WTJS |
| Jackson | WBIR |
| Knoxville | WJHL |
| Johnson City | WMP |
| Memphis | |
| TEXAS | KRBC |
| Abilene | KFDA |
| Amarillo | KNOW |
| Austin | KFDL |
| Beaumont | KBST |
| Big Spring | KVAL |
| Brownsville | WTAW |
| College Station | KWBW |
| Corpus Christi | WFAA |
| Dallas | WBAP |
| Fort Worth | KXYZ |
| Houston | KFRO |
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| Paris | KGKL |
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| Covington | WFVA |
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SPORTS CHAMPS

HAL NEWHOUSER

ACE LEFT-HANDER OF DETROIT'S TIGERS, HAL IS RATED THE BEST PORTSIDE PITCHER IN BASEBALL. IN 1944, '45 AND '46, NEWHOUSER WON 25 GAMES, OR MORE. LAST YEAR HE BLAZED THE THIRD STRIKE PAST 275 BATTERS IN 293 INNINGS!

HAL STANDS 6 FT. 2 IN., AND TIPS THE SCALES AT 182 POUNDS. HIS BLINDING SPEED COMES FROM A WELL-DEVELOPED PHYSIQUE—AND A FAULTLESS PITCHING FORM THAT DRAWS UTMOST POWER FROM HIS SUPPLE FRAME.



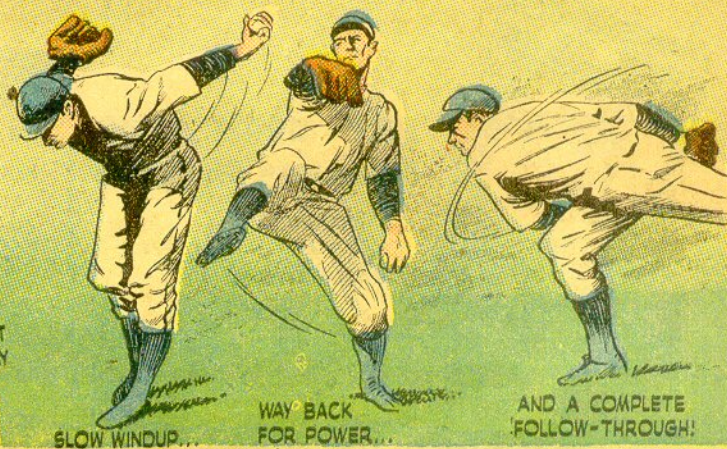
HAL'S HOBBIES ARE FISHING, GOLF AND BASKETBALL!



BULLPEN BANTER

HAL SAYS: IT MAY SOUND STRANGE, BUT A PITCHER THROWS WITH HIS LEGS AS WELL AS WITH HIS ARMS. SMART BALL-PLAYERS KNOW THAT KEEPING THEIR LEGS IN SHAPE—BY LOTS OF RUNNING—IS ONE GOOD WAY TO REMAIN A TOPNOTCH HURLER. THE LEGS SUPPORT THE BODY, HELP TO SUPPLY SPEED AND POWER.

HOW HAL DOES IT...



ACTION

SUSPENSE

THRILLS



**In the coming issues of
JACK ARMSTRONG**

There's a fast-action, full-of-suspense issue of JACK ARMSTRONG for you EVERY MONTH—jampacked with NEW ADVENTURES—NEW DANGERS—NEW DRAMA. And there'll be "split-second" sports events, wild animal stories and a barrel full of laughs too.

Better get yourself a ring-side seat for the "in-person" show of the derring-do of JACK and his pals. Sign on the dotted line today for a whole year of the magazine that rates all-time tops in entertainment and thrills.



**JACK ARMSTRONG
Adventure Magazine**

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THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY
OF RADIO FAME**

**CHARTER RATE \$1.00—1 YEAR
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SEE JACK ARMSTRONG go into action in fast, breath-taking adventure and intrigue. See him hold his own in the punches and outsmart those who make a business of foul-play.



SEE BILLY FAIRFIELD, his blundering, lovable side-kick, stumble on clues that help ferret out fortune-hunters and desperadoes.



SEE BETTY FAIRFIELD, their pretty, courageous companion, rise to the peril and excitement of their adventures.



SEE VIC HARDY, the master-mind, hunt down those who are on the wrong side of the law, by the use of ultra-modern crime detection methods.



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JACK ARMSTRONG Magazine, 260 4th Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Here is \$_____ Please enter my subscription for

☐ 1 year at \$1.00

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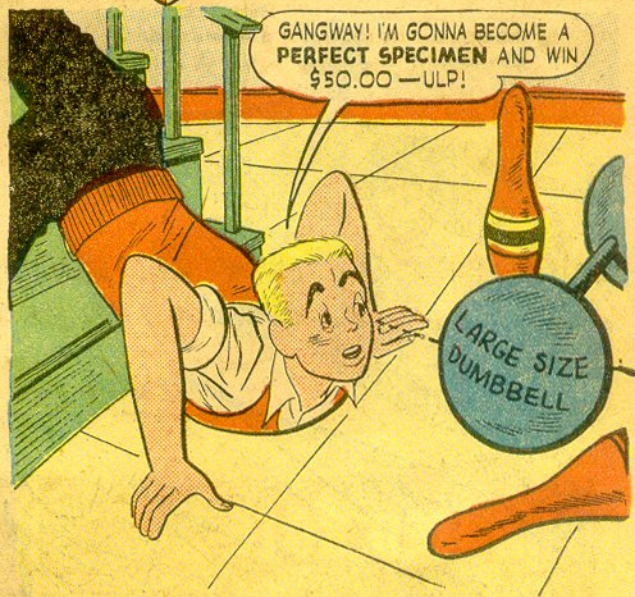
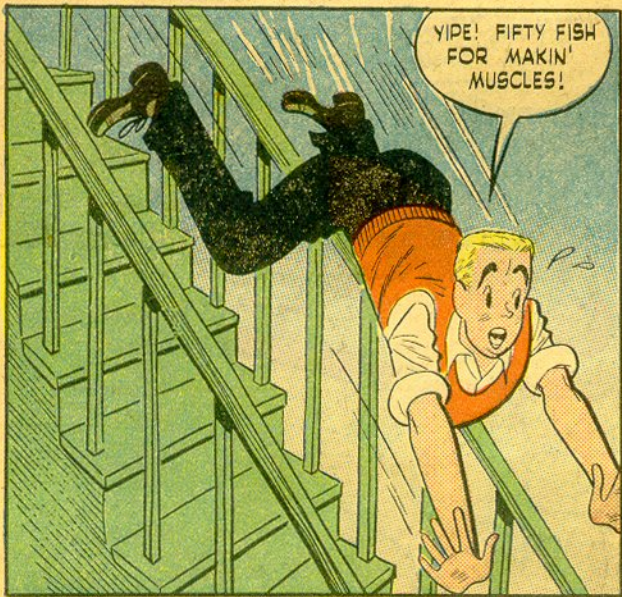
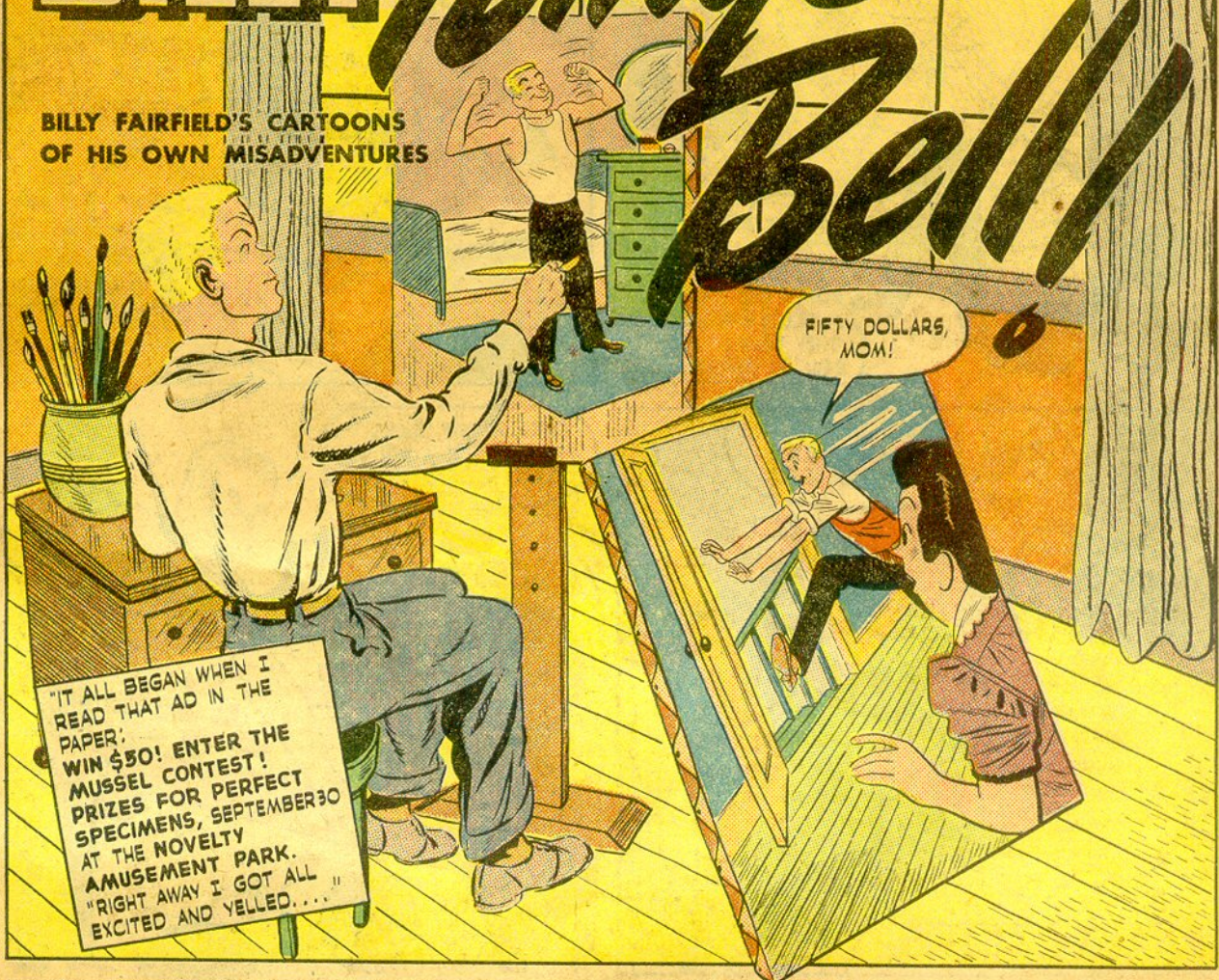
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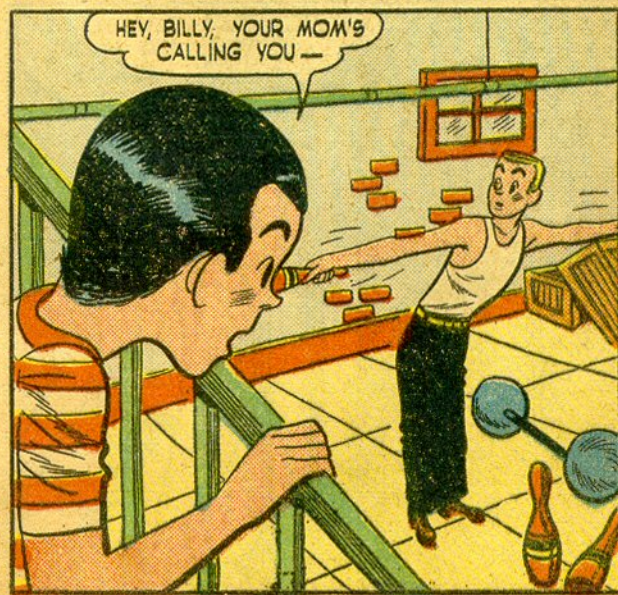
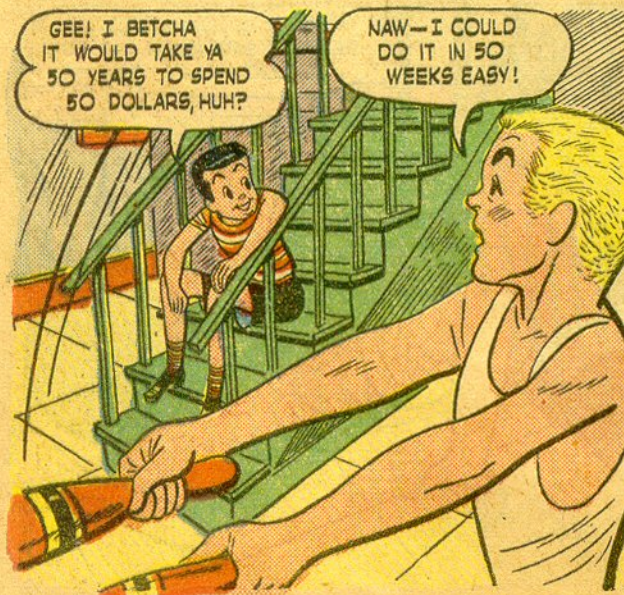
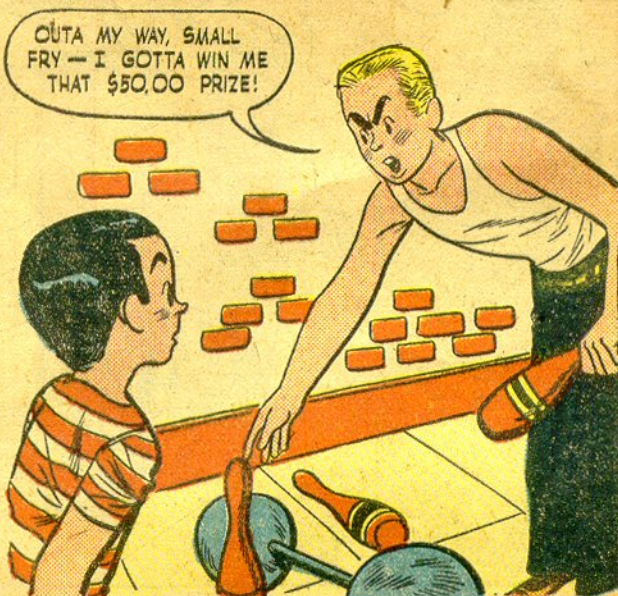
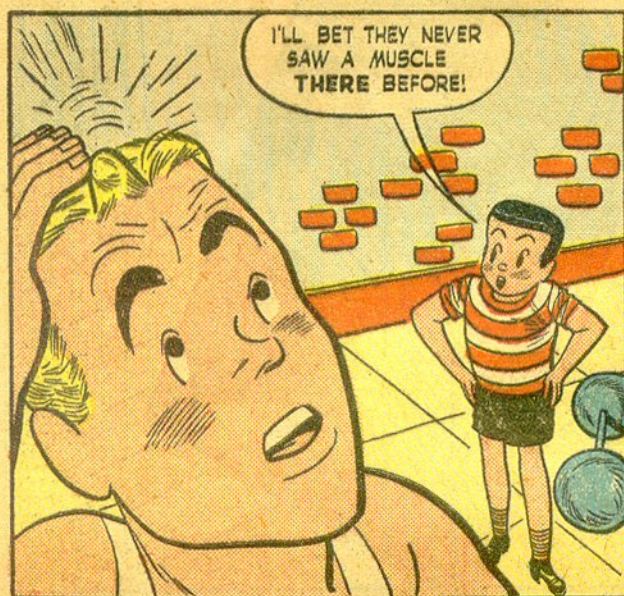
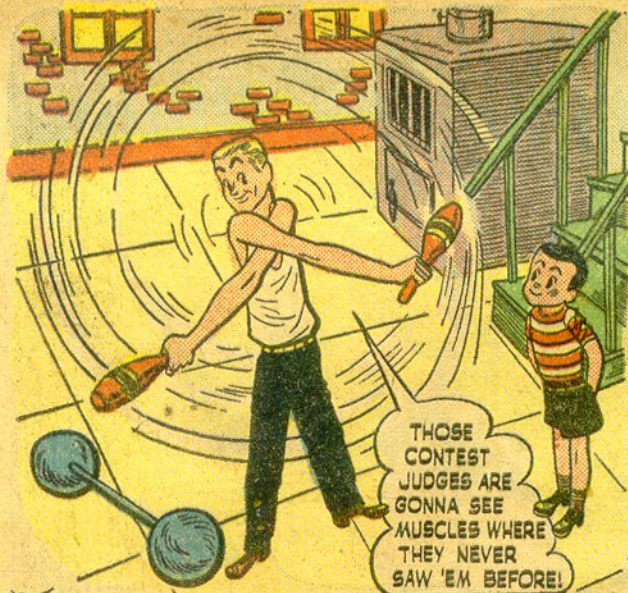
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BILLY RINGS THE BELL!

BILLY FAIRFIELD'S CARTOONS
OF HIS OWN MISADVENTURES





WHATCHA WANT, MOM? GOT A REAL TOUGH JOB FOR ME?

YES, BILLY—



LET'S SEE YOU OPEN THIS BRAND-NEW JAR OF OLIVES!



THERE Y'ARE, MOM!

WELL, I DECLARE, YOU HAVE GOT MUSCLES!



MOTHER, WHO IN THE WORLD TORE OUR TELEPHONE BOOK IN HALF?

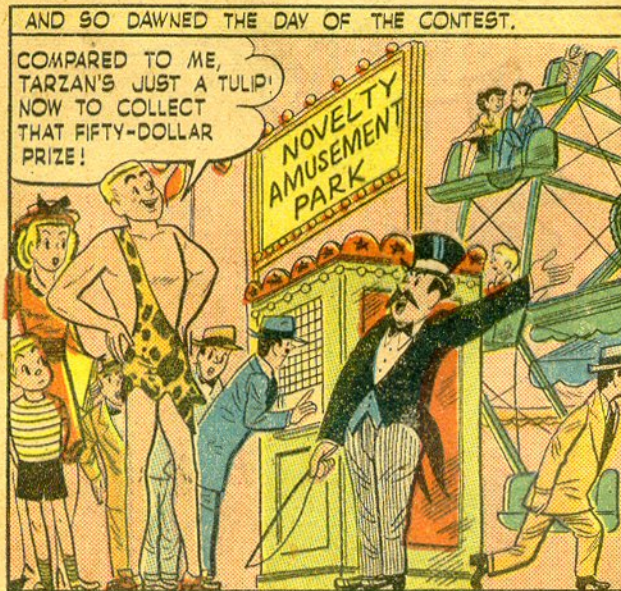
WHO ELSE?



AND SO DAWNED THE DAY OF THE CONTEST.

COMPARED TO ME, TARZAN'S JUST A TULIP! NOW TO COLLECT THAT FIFTY-DOLLAR PRIZE!

NOVELTY AMUSEMENT PARK

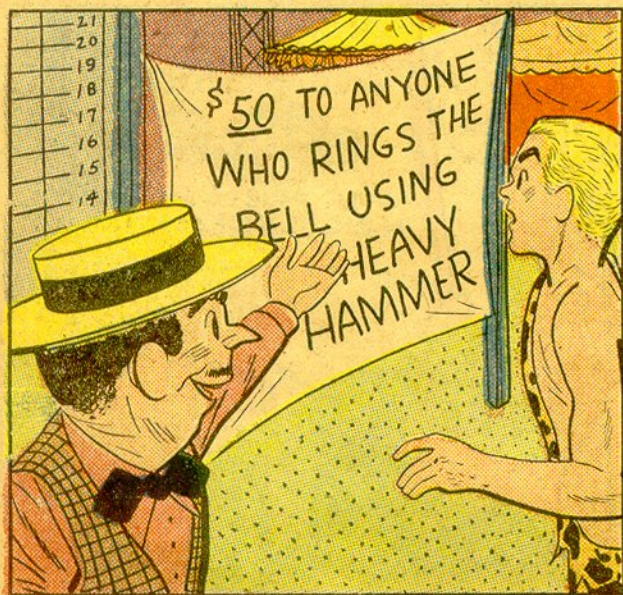
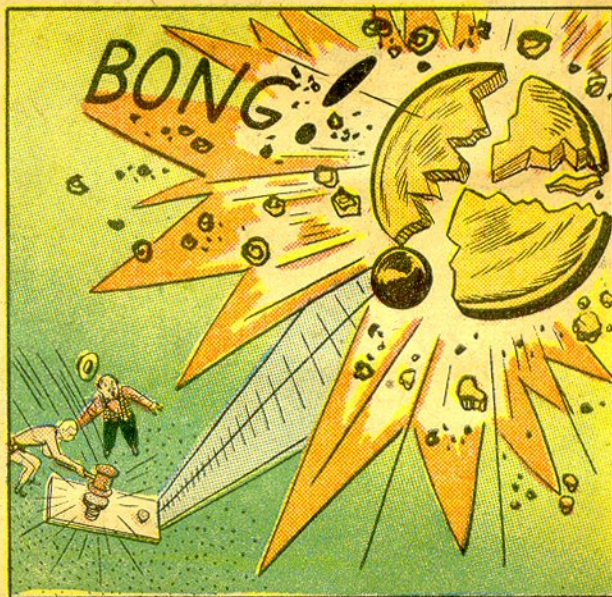
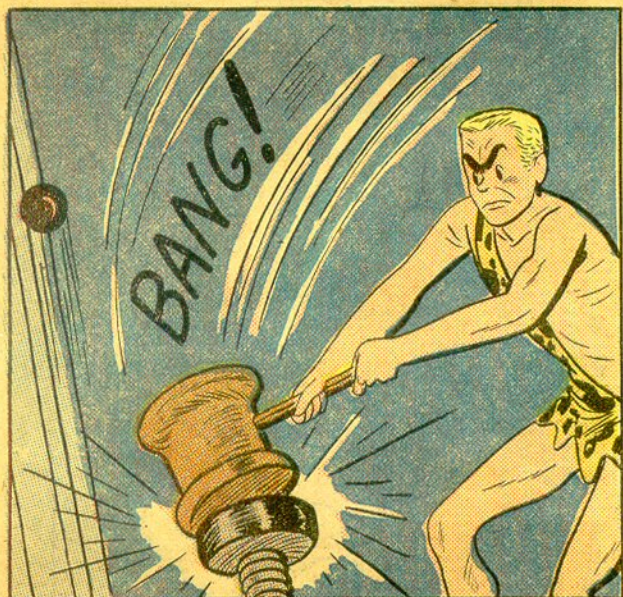
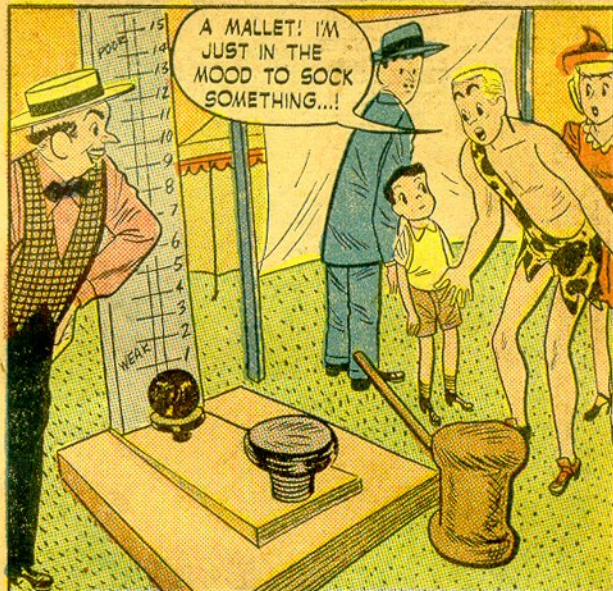


WELL, BUST MY BICEPS! THEY WANT MUSSELS—NOT MUSCLES!

"CLAM-DIGGERS' CONVENTION!"

CASH PRIZES AWARDED IN BIG MUSSEL CONTEST





Be the talk of the town
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New from tip to tip... nothing else like it for beauty, speed, strength and comfort. Positive shock absorbing double-spring cushion front fork... gleaming chrome finish air-style design headlight with "road-focus" beam... auto-type rear reflector with permanent shockproof mounting... airline style pedal crank and drive assembly... and dozens of other exciting new features.

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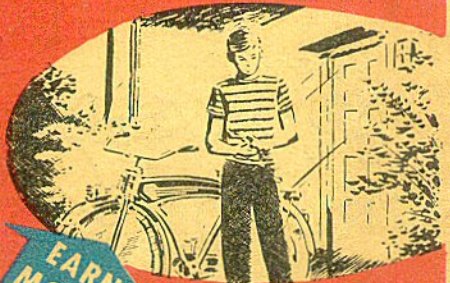
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PLACES**



**DO
THINGS**



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FUN**



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